

BOANARGES

AND

BARNABAS:

OR

Judgement and Mercy
for afflicted Soules.

Consisting of { *Meditations.*
Soliloquies.
and
Prayers.

By

FRANCIS QUARLES.

London, Printed by Rich. Cotes
for Richard Royston, and Richard
Lownes, and are to bee sold at
the Unicorn on Ludgate-hill over
against. Bel savage, 1646.



*I will sing of Iudgment
and Mercy Ps. 101:1.*

**BOANERGES &
BARNABAS**

*Or
Iudgment & Mercy
for afflicted Soules*



*Printed for
R. Lowndes at the
Unicorne on Ludgat
hill ouer against Bell
Snaue 1646*

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WILLIAM

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IN

THE

YEAR

1788

BY

JOHN

240
Q26
1645



TO
My most Gracious
SOVERAIGN
King
CHARLES.

SIR,

Believe you
to bee such
Patron of Ver-
tue, that if this Treatise
had the least probabi-
lity

936824

The Epistle

lity of cherishing *Vice*,
my Conscience durst
not admit a thought of
this Dedication to
your Majesty.

But my own Reason
(seconded by better
approbations) assures
mee these *Disquisitions*
and *Prayers* are like to
beget *grace* in those
where it was not, and
confirm it where it was.

And being so usefull,
I dare not doubt your
Patronage of this *child*,
which

Dedictory.

which survives a Father
whose utmost abilities
were (till death darkened
that great light in
his soule) sacrificed to
your service.

But, if I could question
your willing protection
of it, I might
strengthen my Petition
for it, by an unquestionable
commendation
of the Authors published
Meditations, - in
most of which (even
those of Poetry begun

The Epistle

in his youth) there are
such tinctures of *Piety*,
and Pictures of *devout*
Passions, as gain'd him
much love, and many
Noble Friends,

One of that number
(which is not to bee
numbred) was the
Religious, Learned,
Peaceable, Humble *Bi-*
shop of Armagh; whom I
beseech God to blesse,
and make your Maje-
sty and him, in these
bad, sad times, instru-
ments

Dedicatory.

ments of Good to this
distracted, distemper'd
Church and State.

This is my untained
Prayer; and I doubt
not but all that wish
well to *Sion*, will seale
it with their *Amen*.

Your Majesties Poor and

most Faithfull Subject,

RICHARD. ROYSTON.

Discretion

of Good to the
distressed, dispenser of
Church and State.
This is my untainted
Page, and I doubt
not but all that wish
well to Zion will take
it with pleasure.

Yours &c. &c. &c.

Wm. A. Hall

Richard Henry

The Preface.

Reader,

It is thought fit to
say this little, and
but this little, of the
Author and his Book.

He was, (for I speake to
those that are strangers to
his extraction & breeding)
a branch of a deserving fa-
mily, and the son of a worthy
father: his education was in
the Universities, and
Innes of Court, but his
inclination was rather to
Divine

2 The Preface.

divine studyes then the law.

This appears in most of his publisht books, (which are many) but I thinke in none more then this, which was finisht with his life.

Wherein the Reader may behold (according to the arguments undertaken by the Author) what passions, and in what degrees those passions have possesst his soul, and whether, grace have yet allayed, or expel'd them, (those that are inconsistent with vertue) from the
Strong

The Preface. 3

strong hold of his affections. Such this Treatise is, & being such, I commend it to the Reader, and this wish with it, that those many (too many) writers who mistake malice for zeal, and (being transported) speak evil of government, and meddle with things they understand not, Iud 8, 10. forgetting there is such finnes as sedition and heresie, (sins which Saint Paul, Gal. 5. 20. 21 parallels with murther and

4 The Preface.

and witchcraft) would change their disputes into devout meditations, such as these be; in which the pious man shall see vertue adorned with beautifull language, and vice so presented as 'tis not like to infect the minde, nor corrupt the conscience.

The method, the arguments, the stile, all speak M. Quarles the Author of the Book, and the book speaks his commendations so much, that I need not commend it; but I do thee to God.

Farewell

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B 1

The sensuall Mans solace.

Come, let's be merry, and
 rejoyce our souls in fro-
 lick and in fresh *delights*:
 Let's skruie our pamper'd hearts
 a pitch beyond the reach of dul-
 browd sorrow: Let's passe the
 slow-pac'd time in melancholy-
 charming *mirth*, and take the ad-
 vantage of our *youthfull* dayes:
 Let's banish care to the *dead Sea*
 of Phlegmatick old age: Let a
 deep sigh be high *Treason*, and let
 a solemne looke bee adjudg'd a
Crime too great for Pardon. My
 serious studies shall bee to draw
mirth into a Body, to analyse
*laught*er, and to paraphrase upon
 the various Texts of all *delights*.
 My *recreations* shall bee to still
 pleasure into a Quintessence, to
 reduce Beautie to her first prin-
 ciples,

10 *The Sensuall mans Solace.*

ciples, and to extract a perfect
innocence from the milk-white
Doves of *Venus*. Why should I
spend my precious minutes in
the sullen and dejected *shades* of
sadnesse? or ravell out my short
liv'd dayes in solemn and heart-
breaking *Care*? Houres have Ea-
gles wings, and when their hasty
flight shall put a *period* to our
numbred dayes, the world is
gone with us, and all our forgot-
ten joyes are left to be enjoyed
by the succeeding *generations*,
and we are snatcht we know not
how, we know not whither; and
wrapt in the dark *bosome* of eter-
nall night. Come then my soule;
be wise, make use of that which
gone, is past recalling, and lost,
is past redemption: Eate thy
bread with a *merry* heart, and
gulp down care in *frolique* cups
of liberall wine. Beguile the te-
dious

ace.

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The Sensuall mans Solace. II

dious nights with *dalliance*, and
steepe thy stupid senses in un-
ctious, in delightfull *sports*. 'Tis,
all the portion that this transi-
tory world can give thee: Let
Musick, Voices, Masques and
midnight Revels, and all that
melancholy wisdom censures
vaine, bee thy delights. And let
thy care-abjuring soul cleare up
and sweeten the short dayes of
thy consuming *youth*. Follow
the ways of thy owne *heart*, and
take the freedome of thy sweet
desires: Leave not delight untry-
ed, and spare no cost to heighten
up thy *lusts*. Take pleasure in the
choice of pleasures, and please
thy curious eyes with all *varie-
ties*, to satisfie thy soule in all
things which thy heart desires.
I, but my soule, when those evill
dayes shall come wherein thy
wasting pleasures shall present
theiſ.

12 *His Sentence.*

their *Items* to thy bedrid view,
when all diseases and the evils
of age shall muster up their For-
ces in thy crazie bones, where
be thy *comforts* then?

CONSIDER O my soule, and
know [that the day will
come, and after that another
wherein for all these things

God will bring thee to judgment,
Eccles. 11. 9.

Prov. 14. 13.

Even in laughter the heart is sorrow-
full, and the end of that mirth is
heavinesse.

Eccles. 2. 2.

I said in my heart, Goe to now, I will
prove thee with mirth, and there-
fore enjoy pleasure, and behold
this also is vanity; I said of laugh-
ter, it is mad; and of mirth, what
doth it?

St. James.

Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth
and

*and been wanton; ye have nourished
your hearts as in the day of slaughter.*

Eccles. 7. 4.

*The heart of the wise man is in the
house of mourning; but the heart of
fooles is in the house of mirth.*

Idid. in Synonymis.

*Pleasure is an inclination to the un-
lawful objects of a corrupted mind,
allured with a momentary sweetness.*

Hugo.

*Sensuality is an immoderate indul-
gence of the flesh, a sweet poyson, a
strong plague, a dangerous potion
which effeminates the body, and e-
nerues the soule.*

Cass. Lib. 4. Ep.

*They are more sensible of the burthen
of affliction, that are most taken
with the pleasures of the flesh.*

What:

VVHat hast thou now to say O my soule, why this *judgment*, seconded with divine *proofes*, backt with the *harmony* of holy men, should not proceed against thee? Dally no longer with thy owne *salvation*, nor flatter thy owne *corruption*: Remember, the wages of flesh are *sin*, and the wages of sinne, *death*: God hath threatned it, whose judgements are *terrible*; God hath witnessed it, whose words are *Truth*. Consider then my soul, and let not momentarie pleasures flatter thee into eternity of torments: How many, that have trod thy *steps*, are now roaring in the *flames* of hell! and yet thou triflest away the time of thy *repentance*. O my poor deluded soul, presume no longer, repent *to day*, lest *to morrow* come too late: Or couldst thou ravell out thy

His Prayer.

15

thy dayes beyond *Methusalem*,
tell me alas, what will *eternity* be
the shorter for the deduction of
a thousand yeers? Be wisely pro-
vident therefore O my soul, and
bid *vanity*, the common forcereffe
of the world farewell; life and
death are yet before thee: Choose
life, and the God of life will seal
thy *choice*. Prostrate thy self be-
fore him who delights not in the
death of a *sinner*, and present thy
petitions to him who can deny
thee nothing in the name of a
Saviour.

His Prayer.

O God, in the beauty of
whose holinesse is the true
joy of those that love thee, the
full happinesse of those that fear
thee, and the onely rest of those
that prize thee; In respect of
which, the transitory pleasures
of

of the world are lesse then nothing, in comparison of which the greatest wisdom of the world is folly, and the glory of the earth but drosse and dung; How dare my boldnesse thus presume to presse into thy glorious presence? What can my prayers expect but thy just wrath and hea-
vie indignation? O what return can the tainted breath of my polluted lips deserve, but to bee bound hand and foot, and cast into the flames of Hell? But Lord the merits of my Saviour are greater then the offences of a sinner, and the sweetnesse of thy mercy exceeds the sharpnesse of my misery: The horreur of thy judgements have seized upon me, and I languish through the sense of thy displeasure; I have forsaken thee the rest of my distressed soule, and set my affections up-
on

on the vanity of the deceitfull world. I have taken pleasure in my foolishnesse, and have vaunted my self in mine iniquity, I have flattered my soule with the hony of delights, whereby I am made sensible of the stink of my affliction; wherefore I loath, and utterly abhor my self, and from the bottom of my heart repent in dust & ashes. Behold O Lord, I am impure and vile, and have wallowed in the puddle of mine own Corruptions; The Sword of thy displeasure is drawn out against me, and what shal I plead O thou preserver of mankind? Make me a new Creature O my God, and destroy the Old man within me. Remove my affections from the love of transitory things, that I may run the way of thy Commandements. Turne away mine eyes from beholding
vanity,

vanity, and make thy testimonies my whole delight. Give mee strength to discern the emptines of the creature, and inebriate my heart with the fulness of thy joyes. Bee thou my portion O God, at whose right hand stand pleasures for evermore. Be thou my refuge and my shield, and suffer mee not to linke under the corruptions of my heart; let not the house of mirth beguile me, but give me a sense of the evil to come. Accept the free-will offerings of my mouth, and grant my petitions for the honour of thy Name, then will I magnifie thy mercies O God, and praise thy name for ever and ever.

The.

The Vain-glorious mans want.

VHat tell'st thou me of
Conscience, or a *pious*
 life? They are good trades for a
 leaden spirit that can stand bent
 at every frown, and want the
 braines to make a higher For-
 tune, or courage to archieve that
honour which might glorifie
 their names, and write their
 memories in the *Chronicles* of
 Fame. 'Tis true, *Humility* is a
 needfull gift in those that have
 no *quality* to exercise their pride;
 and *patience* is a necessary grace
 to keep the world in peace, and
 him that hath it, in a whole
 skin, and often proves a vertue
 born of meer necessity. And civil
honesty is a fair pretence for him
 that hath not wit to act the
Knave, and makes a man capable
 of a little higher stile then *Foole*.
 And

And blushing *modesty* is a pretty innocent quality, and serves to vindicate an easie nature from the imputation of an *il-breeding*. These are inferiour *Graces* that have got a good opinion in the dull wisdom of the world, and appeare like water among the elements to moderate the body *Politique*, and keep it from combustion, nor doe they come into the *work* of honour. Virtue consists in *Action*, and the reward of action is *Glory*. *Glory* is the great soule of the little world, and is the *Crowne* of all sublime attempts, and the point where-to the *crooked wayes* of policy are all concentrick. *Honour* consults not with a pious life. Let those that are ambitious of a Religious reputation, abjure all honorable Titles, and let their dough-bak'd spirits take a pride in suffrance,

unt.

The Vain glorious mans Vaunt, 23

ferance, (the Anvile of all injuries) and bee thankfully baffled into a quiet pilgrimage. Rapes, murders, treasons, dispossessions, riots, are veniall things to men of *honour*, and oft co-incident in high pursuits. Had my dull *Conscience* stood upon such nice points; that little honour I have wonne had glorified some other arme, and left me begging *Morsells* at his Princely gates. Come, come, my soule, *Id scilicet iuvat quod fieri non licet*. Fear not to doe, what crownes thee being done. Ride on with thy Honour, and create a name to live with faire *Eternity*. Enjoy thy purchas'd *Glory* as the merit of thy renowned *Actions*, and let thy memory entaile it to succeeding *Generations*. Make thy owne game, and if thy conscience correct thee, check thy saucy

cy *Conscience*, till thee stand as
mute as metamorphos'd *Niobe*.
Feare not the frownes of *Prin-*
ces, or the imperious hands of
various *Fortune*. Thou art too
bright for the one to obscure,
and too great for the other to
cry downe.

BUt harke my soule, I heare a
voice that thunders in mine
care

I will change their glory into shame,
Hos. 4. 7.

Psal. 49. 20.

Man that is born in honour, and un-
derstandeth not, is like the beasts
that perish.

Prov. 25. 27.

It is not good for to eat too much ho-
ney, so for men to search their own
glory, is not glory.

Jer. 9. 22.

Thus saith the Lord: Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, nor let the rich man glory in his riches: But let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth mee that I am the Lord.

Gal. 5. 26.)

Let us not bee desirous of vain-glory, &c.

St. August.

The vain glory of the world is a deceitfull sweetness, an unfruitfull labour, a perpetuall fear, a dangerous bravery, begun without providence, and finished not without repentance

S. Greg.

He that makes transitory honour the reward of a good worke, sets eternall glory at low rate.

Vain-

VAin-glory is a *Froth*, which
blowne off, discovers a
great want of measure: Canst
thou O my soul, be guilty of such
an emptinesse, and not bee chal-
leng'd? Canst thou appeare in the
searching eye of heaven, and not
expect to be cast away? deceive
not thy self O my soul, nor flat-
ter thy self with thy own great-
nesse. Search thy self to the bot-
tome, and thou shalt find enough
to humble thee: Dost thou glory
in the *favour* of a Prince? The
frown of a Prince determines it.
Dost thou glory in thy *strength*?
A poor *Ague* betrayes it. Dost
thou glory in thy *wealth*? the
hand of a *thiefe* extinguishes it.
Dost thou glory in thy *friends*?
One *cloud* of adversity darkens it.
Dost thou glory in thy *parts*? thy
own pride obscures it. Behold
my soul, how like a *Bubble* thou
ap-

appearest, and with a *sigh* break into sorrow; the *gate* of heaven is strait, canst thou hope to enter without breaking? The *Bubble* that would passe the Floodgates must first dissolve: My soule melt then in tears, and empty thy self of all thy *vanity*, and thou shalt find divine *repletion*; evaporate in thy *Devotion*, and thou shalt recruit thy greatnesse to eternall *Glory*.

His Prayer.

ANd can I choose O God but tremble at thy judgments, or can my stony heart not stand amazed at thy threatenings? It is thy voice O God, and thou hast spoken it: It is thy voice O God, and I have heard it. Hadst thou so dealt by me, as thou

thou didst by *Babels* proud King,
and driven me from the sons of
Men, thou hadst but done according
to thy righteousness, and
rewarded mee according to my
deservings: What couldst thou
see in mee lesse worthy of thy
vengeance then in him, the ex-
ample of thy justice? Or Lord,
wherein am I more incapable
of thy indignation? There is
nothing in me to move thy mer-
cy but in misery. Thy goodness
is thy selfe, and hath no ground
but what proceedeth from it
self, yet have I sinned against that
goodnesse, and have thereby
heaped up wrath against the day
of wrath; that insomuch, had
not thy Grace abounded with
my sin, I had long since bin con-
founded in my sin, and swallow-
ed up in the gulph of thy dis-
pleasure. But Lord, thou takest
no

no delight to punish, & with thee is no respect of persons: thou takest no pleasure in the confusion of thy creature, but rejoycest rather in the conversion of a sinner. Convert mee therefore O God, I shall be then converted: make me sensible of my own corruptions, that I may see the vile-nesse of my own condition. Pull downe the pride of my ambitious heart; humble mee thou O God, and I shall bee humbled: Weane mee from the thirst of transitory honour, and let my whole delight bee to glory in thee: Touch thou my conscience with the feare of thy name, that in all my actions I may fear to offend thee: endue me O Lord with the spirit of meeknesse, and teach me to overcome evill with a patient heart: moderate and curb the exorbitances of my passion,

sion, and give me temperate use of all thy creatures. Replenish my heart with the graces of thy Spirit, that in al my ways I may be acceptable in thy sight. In all conditions give me a contented minde, and upon all occasions grant me a gratefull heart, that honouring thee here in the Church militant before men, I may be glorified hereafter in the Church triumphant before thee & Angels, where filled with true glory according to the measure of grace thou shalt be pleased to give me here, I may with Angels and Archangels praise thy Name for ever and ever.

The

The Oppressors Plea.

I Seeke but what's my owne
 by *Law*: It was his owne
 free *Act* and *Deed*: The execu-
 tion lies for *goods* or *body*, and
 goods or body I will have, or
 else my *money*. What if his beg-
 gerly children pine, or his
 proud wife perish? They perish
 at their own charge, not mine,
 and what is that to mee? I must
 be paid, or he lie by it untill I
 have my utmost farthing, or his
bones. The *Law* is just and
 good, and being ruled by that,
 how can my faire proceedings
 bee unjust? What's *thirty* in the
 hundred to a man of Trade?
 Are we born to thrum Caps, or
 pick straws? and sell our *livel-*
C
bood

30 *The Oppressors Plea.*

hood for a few teares, and a whining face? I thanke God they move mee not so much as a *howling* Dog at midnight: I'll give no day, if heaven it selfe would bee security; I must have present money, or his *bones*. The *Commodities* were good enough, as wares went then, and had he had but a thriving *wit*, with the necessary help of a good merchantable *Conscience*, hee might have gained perchance as much as now hee lost; but howsoever, gaine, or not gaine, I must have my mony. Two tedious *Termes* my dearest gold hath laine in his unprofitable hands. The cost of *Suit*, hath made me bleed above a score of *Royals*, besides my *Interest*, travel, half pints, and bribes; all which does but encrease my beggerly defendants damages, and sets him deeper

The Oppressors Plea. 31

deeper on my score; but right's
right, and I will have my mo-
ney, or his *bones*. Fifteen shil-
lings in the pound composition?
He hang first. Come, tell not
mee of a good *Conscience*, a good
conscience is no parcell of my
Trade; it hath made more
Bankrupts, then all the loose
wives in the universall City. My
conscience is no foole. It tells
mee that my owne's my owne,
and that a well-cramm'd *bagge*
is no deceitfull friend, but will
stick close to mee, when all my
friends forsake mee: If to gaine
a good Estate out of nothing,
and to regaine a desperate debt,
which is as good as nothing, be
the fruits and sign of a *bad con-*
science, God help the *good*. Come,
tell not mee of griping and *Op-*
pression. The world is hard, and
he that hopes to thrive, must

32 *His Punishment.*

gripe as hard : What I give, I give; and what I lend, I lend: If the way to heaven bee to turne *begger* upon earth, let them take it that like it, I know not what ye call *Oppression*. The *Law* is my direction ; but of the two, it is more profitable to oppresse, then to bee opprest. If debtors would bee honest and discharge, our hands were bound ; but when their failing offends my *bags*, they touch the *Apple* of my eye, and I must right them.

BUt hah ! what voice is this
 that whispers in mine eare,
*The Lord will spoil the soul
 of the Oppressors, Prov.
 22. 23.*

Pro. 21. 22.

Rob not the poor, because he is poore,
neither oppresse the afflicted in the
gates, for the Lord wil plead their
cause, and spoile the soule of those
that have spoyled him.

Ezek. 22. 19.

The people of the land have used op-
pression, and exercised Robbery,
and have vexed the poor and nee-
dy; yea, they have oppressed the
stranger wrongfully. Therefore I
have poured out my indignation
upon them, I have consumed them
with the fire of my wrath.

Zach. 7. 9.

Execute true judgement, and shew
mercy & compassion on every man
to his brother, and oppresse not the
widow nor the fatherlesse, nor the
stranger, nor the poore, and let
none of you imagine evill in your
hearts against his brother. But
they refused to hearken; therefore

*came a great wrath from the Lord
of Hosts.*

Bernard, p. 1691.


*We ought so to care for our selves, as
not to neglect the due regard of our
neighbour.*

Bern. ibid.

*He that is not mercifull to another,
shall not find mercy from God; but
if thou wil'st bee mercifull and
compassionate, thou shalt bee a be-
nefactor to thy owne soule.*

His Soliloquy.

IS it wisdom in thee O my soul
to covet a happinesse, or rather
to account it so, that is sought
for with a judgement, obtai-
ned

ned with a *Curse*, and punished with *damnation*; And to neglect that *good* which is assured with a *promise*, purchased with a *blessing*, and rewarded with a *Crowne* of Glory? Canst thou hold a full *estate*, a good pennyworth, which is bought with the deare price of thy Gods displeasure? Tell mee, what continuance can that *Inheritance* promise that is raised upon the ruines of thy Brother? Or what *mercy* canst thou expect from heaven, that hast *denyed* all mercy to thy *Neighbour*  O my hard-hearted soul consider, and relent: Build not an house whose posts are subject to be rotted with a *curse*: Consider what the God of truth hath threatned against thy *cruelty*; Relent, and turn compassionate, that thou mayst be capable of his *compassi-*

on. If the *desire* of Gold hath hardened thy heart, let the tears of true *Repentance* mollifie it; soften it with *Aarons oyntment*, untill it become wax to take the impression of that *seale* which must confirme thy *Pardon*.

His Prayer.

BUe will my God bee now entreated? Is not my crying sin too load for pardon? am I not sunk too deep into the jaws of Hell, for thy strong arme to rescue? Hath not the hardnesse of my heart made me incapable of thy compassion? O if my teares might wash away my sin, my head should turne a living Spring:

Spring: Lord I have heard thee
speake and am affraid; the word
is past, and thy judgements have
found me out. Fearfulnesse and
trembling are come upon mee,
and the Jaws of hell have over-
whelmed mee: I have oppressed
thy poore, and added affliction
to the afflicted, and the voyce of
their misery is come before thee.
They besought mee with teares,
and in the anguish of their souls,
but I have stopt mine ears against
the cry of their complaint. But
Lord, thou walkest not the ways
of man, and remembrest mercy
in the midst of thy wrath, for
thou art good and gracious, and
ready to forgive, and plenteous
in compassion to all that shall
call upon thee. Forgive mee O
God my sins that are past, and
deliver me from the guilt of my
Oppression: Take from mee O
C 5; God

God this heart of stone, and create in my breast a heart of flesh: Asswage the vehemency of my desires to the things below, and satisfie my soul with the sufficiency of thy Grace. Inflame my affections, that I may love thee with a filiall love, and incline me to relie upon thy fatherly providence: Let me account godlinesse my greatest gaine, and subdue in me my lusts after filthy lucre. Preserve me O Lord from the vanity of self-love, and plant in my affections the true love of my neighbours: Endue my heart with the bowells of compassion, and then reward me according to thy righteousness: Direct mee O God in the wayes of my life, and let a good Conscience be my continuall comfort: Give me a willing heart to make restitution of what I have wrong-

wrongfully gotten by oppressi-
on. Grant me a lawfull use of all
thy Creatures, and a thankfull
heart for all thy benefits. Be mer-
cifull to all those that groan un-
der the burden of their owne
wants, and give them patience to
expect thy deliverance: Give me
a heart that may acknowledge
thy favours, and fill my tongue
with praise and thanksgiving,
that living here a new life, I may
become a new creature, and be-
ing ingrafted in thee by the
power of thy grace, I may bring
forth fruit to thy honour and
glory.

The Drunkards Fable.

V**V**hat Complement will the severer world allow to the vacant houres of frolique-hearted youth! How shall their free, their joviall spirits entertain their time, their friends! What Oyle shall bee infused into the lampe of deare society, if they deny the priviledge of a civill rejoycing Cup? It is the life, the radicall humour of united soules, whose love-digested heat even ripens and ferments the greene materialls of a plighted faith; without the help whereof new married friendship falls into divorce, and joyn'd acquaintance soon resolves into the first Elements of strangenessse. What mean these strict Reformers thus to spend their houre-glasses, and
bawle

The Drunkards Jubile. 41

bawle against our harmless *Cups*?
to call our meetings Riots, and
brand our civil mirth with stiles
of loose *Intemperance*? where
they can sit at a sisters Feast, de-
voure and gurmundize beyond
excesse, and wipe the guilt from
off their marrowed mouths, and
cloath their surfeits in the long
sustian robes of a tedious Grace:
Is it not much better in a faire
friendly *Round* (since youth must
have a swing) to steep our soule-
afflicting sorrows in a chirping
Cup, then hazard our estates up-
on the abuse of providence in
a foolish cast at *Dice*? Or at a
Cockpit leave our doubtfull for-
tunes to the mercy of unmerci-
full contention? Or spend our wan-
ton dayes in sacrificing costly
presents to a fleshly *Idoll*? Was
not *Wine* given to exhilarate the
drooping hearts, and raise the
drowzie

42 *The Drunkards Jubile.*

drowzie spirits of dejected souls?
 Is not the liberall Cup the *Sac-*
king-bottle of the sons of *Phebus*,
 to solace and refresh their palats
 in the nights of sad *Invention*?
 Let dry-brain'd *Zelots* spend their
 idle breaths, my cups shall be my
cordialls to restore my care-be-
 feebled heart to the true *Temper*
 of a well-complexioned mirth:
 My solid *Braines* are potent, and
 can beare enough, without the
 least offence to my distempered
Senses, or interruption of my
 boon companions: My tongue
 can in the very *Zenith* of my
 Cups deliver the expressions of
 my composed thoughts with
 better sense, then these my grave
Reformers, can their best advised
 prayers. My *Constitution* is pot-
 prooffe, and strong enough to
 make a fierce encounter with the
 most stupendious vessell that e-

His Judgement. 43

ver failed upon the tides of Bacchus. My reason shrinks not; my passion burns not.

O But my soule, I heare a threatening voyce that interrupts my language,

Woe bee to them that are mighty to drinke Wine, Esa. 5. 22.

Prov. 20. 1.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

Esay 5. 11.

Woe be to them that rise up early in the morning to follow strong drink that continue till night, untill wine enflame them.

Prov. 23. 20.

Be not amongst wine-bitbers.

1 Cor. 5. 1.

Now I have written unto you, not to keep company, if any that is called a brother be a drunkard, with such a one, no not to eat.

Aug.

Aug. in lib. pen.

Whilst the drunkard swallows wine,
 wine swallows him; God dis-
 regards him, Angels despise him,
 Men deride him, virtue de-
 clines him, the devill destroyes
 him.

Aug. ad sac. virg.

Drunkennesse is the mother of all
 evill, the matter of all mischief,
 the wel-spring of all vices, the
 trouble of the senses, the tempest
 of the tongue, the shipwracke of
 chastity, the consumption of time,
 a voluntary madnesse, the corrup-
 tion of manners, the distemper of
 the body, and the destruction of
 the soul.

My

MY soule, it is the voice of
 God digested into a *judg-*
ment: There is no kicking a-
 gainst *Pricks*, or arguing against
 a divine *Truth*: Pleadest thou
Custom? Custom in sinne mul-
 tiplies it: Pleadest thou *society*?
 Society in the *offence*, aggravates
 the punishment: Pleadest thou
help to invention? Woe be to that
 barrenesse that wants such *hon-*
ors: Pleadest thou strength to
 beare much *wine*? Woe to those that
 are mighty to *drinke strong drinke*:
 My soule, thou hast sinned a-
 gainst thy *Creator* in abusing that
 creature hee made to serve thee:
 Thou hast sinned against the
 creature, in turning it to the
Creators dishonour: Thou hast
 sinned against *thy self*, in making
 thy comfort thy confusion.
 How many want that *blessing*
 thou hast turn'd into a *curse*?
 How

How many thirst, whilst thou *surfeitest*? What *satisfaction* wilt thou give to the *Creator*, to the *Creature*, to *thy selfe*; against all whom thou hast transgressed? To thy selfe, by a *sober life*; to the *Creature*, by a *right use*; to thy *Creator*, by a true *repentance*; the way to all which, is *Prayer* and *Thanksgiving*.

His Prayer.

HOW truly then, O God, this heavie woe belongs to this my boasted sin? How many judgments are comprised and abstracted in this woe, and all for mee, even mee O God, the miserable subject of thy eternall wrath; Even mee O Lord, the marke whereat the shafts of thy displeasure levell? Lord, I was a
sinner

sinner in my first conception,
and in sinne hath my mother
brought me forth; I was no so-
oner, but I was a slave to sin, and
all my life is nothing but the
practise and the trade of high
rebellion: I have turn'd thy
blessings into thy dishonor, and
all thy graces into wantonnesse:
Yet hast thou been my God even
from the very wombe, and didst
sustaine mee when I hung upon
my mothers breast: Thou hast
washed mee O Lord from my
pollution, but like a Swine I
have returned to my mire. Thou
hast glaunced into my breast the
blessed motions of thy holy Spi-
rit, but I have quenched them
with the springtides of my born
corruption. I have vomited up
my filthinesse before thee, and
like a dog have I returned to my
vomit. Be mercifull O God un-
to

to me, have mercy on me O thou
son of *David*; I cannot O Lord
expect the childrens bread, yet
suffer mee to lick the crums that
fall beneath their table; I that
have so oft abused the greatest of
thy blessings am not worthy of
the meanest of thy favors. Look,
look upon me according to the
goodnesse of thy mercy, and not
according to the greatnesse of
my offences. Give me O God a
sober heart, and a lawfull mode-
ration in the enjoyment of thy
Creatures. Reclaim my appetite
from unseasonable delights, lest
I turn thy blessings into a curse:
In all my dejections be thou my
comfort, and let my rejoycing
be onely in thee. Propose to
mine eyes the evilnesse of my
days, and make mee carefull to
redeem my time: Wean me from
the pleasure of vain society, and
let

let my companions bee such as
feare thee; Forgive all such as
have been partners in my sinne,
and turn their hearts to the obe-
dience of thy laws. Open their
eares to the reproofs of the wise,
and make them powerfull in re-
formation. Allay that lust which
my intemperance hath inflam'd,
and cleanse my affections with
the grace of thy good Spirit;
make me thankfull for the
strength of my body, that I may
for the time to come return it to
the advantage of thy glory.

The Swearers Apologie.

VWill Boanarges never cease?
 And will these Plague-
denouncers never leave to thunder
 judgements in my trembling
 eare? Nothing but *plagues*? No-
 thing but *judgements*? Nothing
 but *damnation*? What have I
 done to make my case *desperate*?
 And what have they not done
 to make my soul *despaire*? Have I
 set up false Gods like the *Egypti-
 ans*? or have I bowed before them
 like the *Israelites*? Have I violated
 the Sabbath like the *Libertines*?
 Or like cursed *Cham*; have I dis-
 covered my Fathers nakednesse?
 Have I imbrued my hands in
 blood like *Barabbas*? Or like *Ab-
 solon* defiled my fathers bed? Have
 I like *Jacob* supplanted my elder
 brother? Or like *Abab* intruded
 into *Nabals* vineyard? Have I born
 false

The Swearers Apology. 51

false witnesse like the wanton
Elders? Or like *David* coveted *V-*
riahs wife? Have I not given *sittes*
of all I have? Or hath my purse
been hidebound to my hungry
brother? Hath not my life beene
blamelesse before men? and my de-
meanor *unreprovable* before the
world? Have I not hated *Vice*
with a perfect hatred? and coun-
tenanc'd *Vertue* with a due re-
spect? What meane these strict
observers of my life, to ransack
every *action*, to carp at every *word*,
and with their sharp censorious
tongues to sentence every frail-
ty with damnation? Is there no
allowance to humanity? No *grains*
to flesh and blood? Are we all *An-*
gels? Has mortality no *priviledge*
to supersede it from the utmost
punishment of a little necessary
frailty? Come, come, my soul, let
not these *judgement-thunderers*
fright

52 *The Swearers Apologie.*

fright thee: Let not these *qualmes* of their exuberous zeal disturbe thee: Thou hast not cursed like *Shimei*, nor rail'd like *Rabshekah*, nor lied like *Ananias*, nor slander'd like thy *accusers*. They that censure thy *gnats* swallow their own *camels*. what if the luxuriant stile of thy discourse doe chance to strike upon an obvious *Oath*, art thou straight hurried into the bosome of a *Plague*? What if the *custome* of a harmlesse oath should captivate thy heedlesse tongue, can nothing under sudden *judgment* seiz upon thee? what if anothers *diffidence* should force thy earnest lips into a hasty oath, in confirmation of a suffering truth, must thou be straightways branded with *damnation*? was *Ioseph* mark'd for everlasting death, for swearing by the life of *Egypt* King? was *Peter* when he so deny-

ed

His Arraignment. 53

ed his master, straight damn'd for
swearing, and forswearing? O
flatter not thy self my soul, nor
turn thou *Advocate* to so high a
sin: Make not the *slops* of Saints
a precedent for thee to fall.

IF the rebukes of flesh may not
prevail, heare then the threaten-
ing of the Spirit which saith,
The Plague shall not depart from the
house of the Swearer.

Exod. 20. 7.

Thou shalt not take the name of the
Lord thy God in vain, for the
Lord will not hold him guiltlesse,
that taketh his name in vain.

Zach. 5. 3.

And every one that sweareth shall be cut off.
Swear not at all, neither by heaven,
for it is Gods throne, nor by the
earth, for it is his footstole: But let
your communication be yea, yea,
nay nay, for whatsoever is more then
these, commeth of evil, Mat. 5. 34.

D

Jer.

Jer. 23. 10.

Because of swearing the Land mourneth.

Aug. in Ser.

The murderer killeth the body of his brother, but the swearer murders his own soule.

Aug. in Psal. 88.

It's well that God hath forbidden man to swear, lest by custome of swearing (in as much as we are apt to mistake) we commit perjury: there's none but God can safely swear, because there's no other but may be deceived.

August. de Mendacio.

I say unto you, Swear not at all, lest by swearing ye come to a facility of swearing; from a facility to a custome, and from a custome ye fall into perjury.

O What a judgement is here! How terrible! How full of Execution! The *Plague*? the extract of all diseases? none so mortal, none so comfortlesse! It makes our house a *Prison*, our friends *strangers*; No comfort but in the expectation of the *moneths* end: I, but this judgement excludes that comfort too, *The plague shal ne'r depart from the house of the swearer*; What never? death will give it a period: No, but it shall bee intail'd upon his house, his family: O detestable! O destructive sin! that leaves a *Crosse* upon the doores of Generations, and layes whole families upon the dust: A sin whereto, neither profit incites, nor pleasure allures, nor necessity compels, nor inclination of nature perswades; a meer voluntary, begun with a *malignant* imitation, and continued

with an *habitual* presumption.
 Consider O my soul, every *Osse*
 hath been a naile to wound that
Saviour, whose *blood* (O mercy a-
 bove expression!) must save thee:
 Be sensible of thy *Actions*, and
 his sufferings: Abhor thy self in
dust and *ashes*, and magnifie his
 mercy that hath turn'd this judg-
 ment from thee. Goe wash those
 wounds which thou hast made,
 with teares, and humble thy self
 with prayer & true repentance.

His Prayer.

ETernall and omnipotent
 God, before whose glorious
 name Angels, and Archangels
 bow and hide their faces, to
 which the blessed Spirits and
 Saints of thy triumphant church
 sing forth perpetuall *Hallelujahs*,
 I a poor Sprig of disobedient *A-*
dam doe here make bold to take
 that

that holy name into my sin-polluted lips: I have hainously sinned O God against thee, and against it; I have disparaged it in my thoughts, dishonoured it in my words, profaned it in my actions, and I know thou art a jealous God, and a consuming fire, as faithfull in thy promises, so fearfull in thy judgements; I therefore fly from the dreadfull Name of Jehovah, which I have abused, to that gracious name of Jesus, wherein thou art well pleased; in that most sacred name O God, I fall before thee, and for his beloved sake O Lord I come unto thee. Cleanse thou my heart O God, and then my tongue shall praise thee: Wash thou my soule, O Lord, and then my lips shall blesse thee. Work in my heart a feare of thy displeasure, and give me an awfull reve-

rence of thy Name. Set thou a watch before my lips, that I offend not with my tongue; Let no respects intice me to be an instrument of thy dishonour; and let thy attributes be precious in mine eyes, teach me the way of thy Precepts, O Lord, and make me sensible of all my offences: let not my sinful custome in sinning against thy Name take from my guilty soule the sense of my sin: Give mee a respect unto all thy Commandements, but especially preserve me from the danger of this my bosome sin. Mollifie my heart at the rebukes of thy servants, and strike into my inward parts a feare of thy judgements: Let all my communication bee order'd as in thy presence, and let the words of my mouth bee governed by thy Spirit. Avert those judgments from me which
thy

thy Word hath threatned, and my sin hath deserved, and strengthen my resolution for the time to come; Work in me a true godly sorow, that it may bring forth in me a newnesse of life. Sanctifie my thoughts with the continual meditation of thy Commandments, and mortifie those passions which provoke mee to offend thee. Let not the examples of others induce me to this sin, nor let the frailties of my flesh seek figleaves to cover it. Seal in my heart the full assurance of thy reconciliation, and look upon me in the bowells of compassion, that crowning my weak desires with thy all-sufficient power, I may escape this judgement which thy justice hath threatned here, and obtaine that happinesse thy mercy hath promised hereafter.

The Procrastinators Remora's.

Tell me no more of *fasting*,
prayer, and *death*; they fill my
 thoughts with *dumps* of Melan-
 choly. These are no *subjects* for a
 youthful ear, no *contemplation* for
 an active soul: Let them whom
 sullen *Age* hath weaned from ac-
 ry pleasures, whom wayward
fortune hath condemn'd to sighs
 and groanes, whom sad diseases
 have beslaved to *drugs* and *diets*;
 let them consume the remnant of
 their wretched dayes in dull *de-*
votion: Let them afflict their a-
 king soules with the untunable
 discourses of *mortality*; Let them
 contemplate on *evill* dayes, and
 read sharp Lectures of their own
 experience: For me, my bones
 are full of unctious *merran*, and
 my blood of sprightly *youth*:

My

My faire and free estate secures
me from the feares of fortunes
frowne. My strength of *constitu-*
tion hath the power to grapple
with sorrow, sickness, nay, the
very pangs of death, and over-
come. 'Tis true, God must bee
sought; What impious tongue
dare be so basely bold to contra-
dict so known a *truth*? and by re-
pentance too: What strange
impiety dare deny it? Or what
presumptuous lips dare disavow
it? But there's a *time* for all
things, yet none prefixt for this,
no day designed, but, *At what*
time soever: If my *unseasonable*
heart should seek him now, the
work would bee too serious for
so green a *seeker*. My *thoughts* are
yet unsettled, my *fancy* yet too
too gamesome, my *judgment* yet
unsound, my *Will* unsanctified;
to seeke him with an *unprepared*

62 *The Procrastinators Remora's.*

heart is the high way not to find him, or to find him with *unsettled* resolution is the next way to lose him; and indeed it wants but little of profaneness, to bee *unseasonably* religious. What is once to bee done, is long to bee deliberated. Let the boyling pleasures of the rebellious flesh *evaporate* a little, and let me draine my boggy soul from those corrupted, inbred humors of collapsed *nature*, and when the tender blossomes of my youthfull vanity shall begin to fade, my settled *understanding* will begin to *knot*, my solid judgement will begin to *ripen*, my rightly guided will be *resolved*, both what to seek, and when to find, and how to prize: till then, my tender youth, in her pursuit, will bee disturb'd with every *blast* of honour, diverted with

His Repulse. 63

with every *flash* of pleasure, misled by *Counsell*, turned back with *feare*, puzzled with *doubt*, interrupted by *passion*, withdrawne with *prosperity*, and discourag'd with *adversity*.

TAke heed my soule, when thou hast lost thy self in thy journey, how wilt thou finde thy God at thy *journeys end*? Whom thou hast lost by too long *delay*, thou wilt hardly find with too late a *diligence*. Take time while time shall serve, that day may come wherein

Thou shalt seek the Lord, but shalt not finde him, Hof. 5. 6.

Esay 55. 6.

*Seek the Lord while he may be found,
call upon him while he is neare.*

Heb. 12. 17.

*Hee found no place for repentance,
though he sought it with tears care-
fully.*

Thou.

Thou fool, this night will I take thy
soule from thee.

Revel. 2. 21.

I gave her a space to repent, but shee
repented not; Behold therefore I
will cast her.

Greg. lib. Mor.

Seek God whilst thou canst not see
him, for when thou seest him,
thou canst not find him; seek him
by hope, and thou shalt finde him
by faith: In the day of grace hee
is invisible, but neare; in the day
of judgement he is visible, but far
off.

Ber. Ser. 24.

If we would not seek God in vaine,
let us seek him in truth, often, and
constantly, let us not seeke another
in stead of him, nor any other
thing with him, nor for any other
thing, leave him.

O My soul, thou hast sought *wealth*, and hast either not found it, or *cares* with it; thou hast sought for *pleasure*, and hast found it, but no comfort in it: Thou soughtest *honour* and hast found it, and perchance fallen with it; Thou soughtest *friendship*, and hast found it false; *society*, and hast found it vaine; And yet thy *God*, the fountaine of all wealth, pleasure, honour, friendship and society, thou hast slighted as a *toy* not worth the finding: Be wise my soule, and blush at thy own *folly*. Set thy desires on the right *obj. Et*: Seek *wisdom*, and thou shalt find knowledge, and wealth, and honour, and length of days: Seek *heaven*, and earth shall seek thee; and deferre not thy *Inquest*, lest thou lose thy *opportunity*: *10 day* thou maist find him, whom *10 morrow* thou maist

66 *His Prayer.*

mayst seek with teares and misse:
Yesterday is too late, to morrow
 is *uncertain*, to day is onely *thine*:
 I, but my soule, I feare my too
 long delay hath made this day
 too late; fear not my soul, he that
 has given thee his *Grace* to day,
 will forget thy *neglect* of yester-
 day, seek him therefore by true
repentance, and thou shalt finde
 him in thy Prayer.

His Prayer.

O God, that like thy preci-
 ous Word art hid to none,
 but who are lost, and yet art
 found by all that seek thee with
 an upright heart, cast downe thy
 gracious eye upon a lost sheep of
Israel, strayed through the vani-
 ty of his unbridled youth, and
 wandred in the wildernesse of
 his own invention. Lord, I have

too much delighted in mine own ways, and have put the evil day too far from me; I have wallowed in the pleasures of this deceitfull world, which perish in the using, & have neglected thee my God, at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore: I have drawn on iniquity, as with cartropes, and have committed evill with greedinesse: I have quencht the motions of thy good spirit; and have delayed to seek thee by true and unfained repentance: Instead of seeking thee whom I have lost, I have withdrawne myself from thy presence when thou hast sought me. It were but justice therefore in thee to stop thine eares at my petitions, or turn my Prayers as sin into my bosome: But Lord, thou art a gracious God, and full of pity and unwearied compassion, and thy loving

loving kindnes is from generati-
on to generation: *Lord*, in not see-
king thee, I have utterly lost my
self, and if thou find me not, I am
lost for ever, and if thou find me,
thou canst not but find me in my
sins, and then thou find'st me to
my owne destruction. How mi-
serable O Lord is my condition!
How necessary is my confusion!
that have neglected to seek thee,
and therefore am afraid to bee
found of thee. But Lord, if thou
look upon the all-sufficient me-
rits of thy Son, thy justice will
bee no loser in shewing mercy
upon a sinner; In his name
therefore I present my self before
thee; in his merits I make my
humble approach unto thee; in
his name I offer up my feeble
Prayers; for his merits grant
me my petitions. Call not to
minde the rebellions of my flesh,
and

and remember not O God the vanities of my youth ; Inflame my heart with the love of thy presence, and relish my meditations with the pleasure of thy sweetnesse. Let not the consideration of thy justice overwhelm me in despaire, nor the meditation of thy mercy perswade mee to presume. Sanctifie my will by the wisdom of thy Spirit, that I may desire thee as the chiefest good. Quicken my desires with a fervent zeale, that I may seeke my Creator in the dayes of my youth ; Teach mee to seeke thee according to thy will, and then bee found according to thy promise, that living in mee here by thy grace, I may hereafter raign with thee in glory.

The

THere is no such *stuffe* to make a cloake on as *Religion*; nothing so fashionable, nothing so profitable; it is a *Livery*, wherein a wise man may serve *two* Masters, God and the world, and make a gainefull service by either: I serve *both*, and in both *my selfe*, in prevaricating with both. Before *man* none serves his God with more severe *devotion*, for which, among the best of men I work my own ends, and serve my self. In private I serve the *world*, not with so strict *devotion*, but with more *delight*, where fulfilling of her servants *lusts* I work my end, and serve my self; The house of Prayer who more frequents then I? in all Christian *duties* who more forward then I? I *fast* with those that fast, that I may eat with those that eat: I *mourne* with those that mourne:

No

to No hand more open to the *Cause*
 igi- then mine; and in their families
 no- none *prayer* longer and with lou-
 ery, der zeale: Thus when the *opinion*
 rve of a holy life hath cryed the
 ld, goodnesse of my Conscience up,
 by my trade can lack no *custome*, my
 oth wares can want no *price*, my
 ith words can need no *credit*, my acti-
 his ons can lack no *praise*. If I am co-
 on, *vetous*, it is interpreted provi-
 of dence; if *miserable*, it is counted
 nd temperance; if *melancholy*, it is
 rve construed godly sorrow; if *merry*,
 vo- it is voted spirituall joy; if I bee
 re *rich*, 'tis thought the blessing of a
 I godly life; if *poor*, supposed the
 lf, fruit of conscionable dealing; if I
 re be *well spoken* of, it is the merit
 an of holy conversation; if *ill*, it is
 en the malice of Malignants; thus
 at I sail with every *winde*, and have
 I my *end* in all conditions. This
 e: Cloake in *Summer* keepes mee
 lo coole,

cool, in *winter* warm, and hides the nasty *Bag* of all my secret lusts: Under this *Cloake* I walk in *publik* fairly, with applause, and in *private* sin-securely, without offence, and officiate *wisely* without discovery; I compass sea and land to make a *Profelyte*, and no sooner made, but hee makes me. At a *Fast* I cry *Geneva*, and at a *Feast* I cry *Rome*. If I be poor, I *counterfeit* abundance to save my credit; if rich, I *dissemble* poverty to save charges. I most frequent *Schismaticall* Lectures, which I find most profitable, from whence learning to divulge and maintaine new doctrines, they maintaine mee in suppers thrice a weeke; I use the help of a lie, sometimes as a Religious *stratagem* to uphold the Gospel, and I colour oppression with Gods judgement execu-

ted

ted upon the wicked. Charity
I hold an extraordinary *duty*,
therefore not *ordinarily* to be per-
formed. What I openly reprove
abroad for my own profit, that I
secretly act at home, for my owne
pleasure.

BUt stay, I see a handwriting in
my heart damps my soul, 'tis
charactered in these sad words,
Woe be to you hypocrites, Mat. 23. 13.
The triumphing of the wicked is
short, and the joy of the hypocrite
is but for a moment, Job 20. 5.

Job 15. 34.

The congregation of the hypocrites
shall be desolate.

Psal. 11. 9.

An hypocrite with his mouth destroy-
eth his neighbor, but through know-
ledge shall the just be delivered.

Luke 12. 1.

Beware of the leaven of the Phari-
sees, which is hypocrisie.

Job

Job 36. 13.

The hypocrites in heart heape up
 wrath, they die in their youth, and
 their life is amongst the unclean.

Salvian. de Gubern. Dei. l. 4.

The hypocrites love not those things
 they professe, and what they pre-
 tend in words, they disclaime in
 practise; their sin is the more dam-
 nable, because usbered in with pre-
 tence of piety, having the greater
 guilt, because it obtaines a goodly
 repute.

Hieron. Ep.

Endeavour rather to be, then to be
 thought holy; for what profits it
 thee to be thought to be what thou
 art not? and that man doubles his
 guilt, who is not so holy as the
 world thinks him, and counterfeits
 that holinesse which he hath not.

HOW like a living *Sepulcher*
did I appeare! without,
beautified with *gold* and rich *in-*
ventions; within, nothing but a
loathed *corruption*; so long as this
fair *Sepulcher* was clos'd, it pass'd
for a curious Monument of the
Builders *Art*, but being opened
by these spirituall *Keyes*, 'tis no-
thing but a *Receptacle* of offensive
putrefaction: In what a nasty
dungeon hast thou my soule, so
long remain'd unstified? How
wer't thou wedded to thy owne
corruptions, that couldst endure
thy unsavoury filthinesse? The
world hated me, because I seemed
good; *God* hated mee, because
I onely seemed good: I had no
friend but my self, and this friend
was my besome enemy: O my
soul, is there *water* enough in
Iordan to cleanse thee? Hath *Gilead*
Balm

Salve enough to heale thy superannuated sores? I have sinned, I am convinced, I am convicted; Gods mercy is above Dimensions, when sinners have not sinned beyond repentance: art thou my soule truly penitent for thy sin? Thou hast free interest in his mercy; fall then my soule before his *Mercy seat*, and he will crown thy penitence with his pardon.

His Prayer.

O God! before the brightness of whose All-discerning eye, the secrets of my hearts appeare, before whose cleare omniscience the very entralls of my soul lie open, who art a God of righteousness and truth; and lovest uprightnesse in the inward parts: How can I chuse but
feare

feare to thrust into thy glorious presence, or move my sinfull lips to call upon that Name which I so often have dishonoured, and made a Cloake to hide the basenesse of my close transgressions? Lord, when I look into the progresse of my filthy life, my guilty conscience calls mee to so strict account, and reflects to mee so large an Inventory of my presumptuous sins, that I commit a greater sinne in thinking them more infinite then thy mercy. But Lord, thy mercies have no date, nor is thy goodnesse circumscribed. The gates of thy compassion are alwayes open to a broken heart, and promise entertainment to a contrite spirit; the burthen of my finnes is grievous, and the remembrance of my hypocrisie is intolerable: I have
E sin-

finned against thy Majesty with
a high hand, but I repent mee
from the bottome of an humble
heart: As thou hast therefore gi-
ven mee sorrow for my sinnes, so
crowne that gift in the free-
nesse of remission: Bee fully re-
concil'd to me, through the all-
sufficient merits of thy Sonne
my Saviour, and seal in my affli-
cted heart the full assurance of
thy gracious favour: Be thou ex-
alted O God above the heavens,
and let mee praise thee with a
single heart; cleanse thou my
inward parts O God, and puri-
fie the closet of my polluted
soul; fix thou my heart O thou
searcher of all secrets, and keep
my affections wholly to thee.
Remove from mee all by and
base respects, that I may serve
thee with an upright spirit: take
not the word of truth out of
my

my mouth, nor give me over to
deceitfull lips: Give mee an in-
ward reverence of thy Majesty,
that I might openly confesse thee
in the truth of my sincerity. Be
thou the only object, and end of
all my actions, and let thy ho-
nour be my great reward: Let
not the hopes of filthy lucre, or
the praise of men incline mee to
thee, neither let the pleasures of
the world, nor the feares of any
losse entice me from thee. Keep
from mee those judgements my
hypocrisie hath deserved, and
strengthen my resolution to ab-
horre my former life: Give mee
strength O God to serve thee
with a perfect heart in the new-
nesse of life, that I may bee deli-
vered from the old man, and the
snares of death: then shall I praise
thee with my entire affections, &
glorifie thy name for ever and e-
ver.

The Ignorant mans faltering.

YOU tell mee, and you tell me that I must be a *good man*, and serve God, and doe his *will*; and so I doe for ought I know: I am sure I am as *good* as God has made mee, and I can make my self no *better*, so I cannot: And as for serving God, I am sure I go to *Church* as well as the best in the Parish, though I bee not so fine; and I make no question, if I had better *cloathes*, but I should doe God as much credit as another man, though I say it: And as for doing Gods *will*, I bessew mee, I leave that to them that are *booke-learn'd*, and can doe it more wisely: I beleeve the *Vicar* of our Parish can doe it, and has done it too, as well as any within five miles of his

his head, and what need I trouble my selfe to doe what is so well done already? I hope hee being so good a *Churchman*, and so great a *Schollard*, and can speake *Latine* too, would not leave that to so simple a man as I. It is enough for mee to know, that God is a good *man*; and that the ten *Commandements* are the best prayers in all the book; unlesse it be the *Creede*. And that I must love my *neighbour* as well as he loves mee, and for all other *Quilicoms*, they shall never trouble my braines, *an* grace a *God*. Let mee goe a *sundayes* and serve God, obey the *King*, (God blesse him) doe no man no wrong, say the *Lords Prayer* every morning and evening; follow my worke, give a *Noble* to the poore at my death, and then say *Lord have mercy upon mee*, & go away like a

82 *The ignorant mans faltering.*

Lambe, I make no question but I shall deserve heaven as well as hee that weares a gayer *coate*: But yet I am not so *ingrant* neither, nor have not gone so often to *Church*, but I know *Christ* died for mee too, as well as for any other man: I'de bee sorry else; and that, next to our *Vicar*, I shall goe to heaven when a I am *dead* as soone as another; nay more, I know there bee two *Sacraments*, *bread* and *wine*, and but two, (though the *Papists* say there be six or seven) and that I verily beleeeve I shall be saved by those *Sacraments*, and that I love God above all, or else 'twere pity of my life, and that when I am dead and rotten (as our *Vicar* told mee) I shall *rise* again and be the same man I was. But for that, hee must excuse mee, till I have better *sartisfacti-*

on; for all his learning, hee cannot make me such a fool, unlesse he shew me a better reason for't, then yet he has done.

But one thing hee told mee, now I think on't, troubles me woundly, namely, that God is my *Master*, all which I confesse; and that I must do his *will* (whether I know how to doe it or no) or else it will goe ill with me: Ile read it (he said) out of Gods *Bible*, and I shall remember the words so long as I have a day to live, which are these,

Hee that knoweth not his masters will, and doth things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes, Luke 12.48.

1 Cor. 14. 20.

Brethren be not children in understanding, howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men.

1 Cor. 15. 34.

*Awake to righteousness and sin not,
for some have not the knowledge of
God, I speak it to your shame,*

Ephes. 4. 18.

*Walk not in the vanity of your minds
having the understanding darkened,
being alienated from the life
of God, through the Ignorance
which is in you, because of the
blindnesse of your hearts.*

Levit. 5. 17.

*And if a soule sin and commit any of
these things which are forbidden
to be done by the Commandments
of the Lord, though he wist it not,
yet is hee guilty, and shall beare
his iniquity.*

2 Thes. 1. 7, 8.

*The Lord Jesus shall be revealed
from heaven, with his mighty Angels,
in flaming fire, taking vengeance
on them that know not
God.*

Greg.

Greg. Mag. Moral.

It is good to know much, and to live well; but if we cannot attain both, it is better to desire piety then wisdom, for knowledge makes no man happy, nor doth blessednesse consist in intellectuals. The onely brave thing is a religious life.

Just. Mart. Resp. ad orthod.

To sin against knowledge, is so much the greater offence then an ignorant trespassse, by how much the crime which is capable of no excuse, is more hainous then the fault which admits a tolerable plea.

His Soliloquie.

HOW wel it had been for thee
O my soule, if I had booke-
larnd; Alas I cannot read, and
what I heare, I cannot under-
stand; I cannot profit as I should;

and therefore cannot be as good as I *would*, for which I am right sorry : That I cannot serve as wel as my betters, hath bin often a great grieve to mee, and that I have beene so *ignorant* in good things, hath been a great heart-breaking unto mee : I can say no prayers for want of knowledge to read, but *Our Father*, and the *Creed* : But the comfort is, God knows my heart, but I trust in God [*Our Father*] being made by Christ himselſe, will be enough for mee that know not how to make a better. I endeavour to doe all our *Vicar* bids me; and when I receive the *Communion*, I truly forgive all the world for a fortnight after, or such a matter, but then some old *injury* makes mee forget my ſelfe, but I cannot help it, an my life ſhould lie ont. O my ingrant ſoul,

soule, what shall I doe to bee saved? All that I can say, is, *Lord have mercy upon me*; and all that I can doe, is, but to doe my good will, and that Ile doe with all my heart, and say my *prayers* too as well as God will give me leave, an grace a God.

His Prayer.

O God the Father of heaven have mercy upon me miserable sinner; I am, as I must needs confesse, a sinfull man, as my forefathers were before mee: I have heard many Sermons, and have had many good lessons from the mouths of painfull Ministers, but through the dullnesse of my understanding, and for want of learning I have not profited so much as else I should have.

have done: spare me therefore O God, spare me whom thou hast redeemed with thy pretious blood, and bee not angry for ever: I must confesse the painfullnesse of my calling, and the heavinesse of my own nature hath taken from mee the delight of hearing thy Word, and the ignorance of learning which I was never brought up to, hath kept me from reading it, that inso-much, in stead of growing better I feare I have grown worse and worse; and have bin so far from doing thy will, that I do not understand what thy will is very well. But thou O mercifull God that didst reveale thy self to poore Shepherds and Fishermen that had no more learning then I, have mercy upon me for Jesus Christ his sake. Thou that hast promised to instruct the simple,
and.

and to lead the ignorant into thy way, be good and mercifull to mee I beseech thee; Thou that drawest the needy out of the dust, and the poore out of the dunghill, give me the knowledge of thy will, and teach me how to serve thee: Take from me the drowzinesse of my heart, open mine eyes that I may see the truth, and mine eares that I may understand thy Word, and strengthen my memory that I may lay it up in my heart, and shew it in my life and vocation, to thy glory and my comfort, and the comfort of my friends. Lord write thy wil in my heart, that when I know it, I may doe it willingly: O teach mee what thy pleasure is, that I may doe my best to performe it. Give mee faith to lay hold of Christ, who died for me, that after I am dead,

I may arise againe, and live with him. Give me a good heart that I may deale honestly with all men, and do as I would be done to. Blesse me in my calling, and prosper the labour of my hands, that I may have enough to feed me and cloath me, and to give to the poore. Mend all that is amisse in mee, and expect from me according to the measure thou hast given mee. Forgive mee all my sins, and make mee willing to please thee, that living a good life, I may make a gracious death, and so at last I may come to heaven and live for ever, for Jesus Christ his sake, *Amen.*

The slothfull mans slumber.

O What a world of *Curses*,
the eating of the forbidden
fruit

The slothful mans slumber. 91

fruit hath brought upon mankind! and unavoidably entail'd upon the *sons* of men! Among all which no one appears to mee more terrible and full of sorrow, and bewraying greater wrath, then that insufferable, that horrible punishment of *labour*, and to purchase Bread with so extreame a price as *sweat*: But O what hap, what happinesse have they, whose dying *Parents* have procured a quiet fortune for their unmolested *Children*, and conveigh'd descended *rents* to their succeeding heirs, whose *ease* and contented lives may sit and suck the sweetnesse of their cumberless *estates*, and with their folded hands enjoy the *delicates* of this toilsome world! How blessed, how delicious are those *ease* morsells, that can finde the way to my soft palat, and then
at-

92 *The slothful mans slumber.*

attend upon the wanton leasure
of my silken *slumbers*, without
the painfull *practise* of my bo-
some-folded hands, or sad con-
trivement of my studious and
contracted *Brows*! Why should
I tire my tender youth, and tor-
ture out my groaning dayes in
toyle and *travell*? and discompose
the happy peace of my harmo-
nious thoughts with painfull
grinding in the common *mill* of
dull mortality? Why should I
rob my craving eyelids of their
delightfull *rest*, to cark and care
and purvey for that *Bread* which
every work-abhorring *vagabond*
can finde of *Almes* at every good
mans doore? Why should I leave
the warm protection of my care-
beguiling *Donne*, to play the
droyling drudge for daily *food*,
when the young empty *Ravens*
(that have no hands to worke,

BOR.

The slothful mans slumber. 93

nor providence, but heaven) can call and be supplied? The pale fac'd *Lilly*, and the blushing *Rose*, neither spinnes nor sows, yet Princely *Solomon* was never robed with so much glory. And shall I then afflict my body, and beslave my heaven-born soule to purchase *Rags* to cloath my nakednesse? Is my condition worse then *Sheep*, ordain'd for slaughter, that crop the springing *grasse*, cloath'd warme in soft *Arrayment*, purchas'd without their Providence or pains? Or shall the Pamper'd *Beast* that shines with fatnesse, and grows wanton through his carefull *Groomes* indulgence, find better measure at the worlds too partiall hands then I? Come, come, let those take pains that love to leave their names inrol'd in memorable monuments of *parchment*; the day has griefe

grief enough without my helpe;
and let *To morrowes* shouldres
beare to morrowes burthens.

BUt stay my soule, O stay thy
rash resolves, take heed whilst
thou avoid the punishment of
sin, labour, thou meet not the re-
ward of idlenesse, a judgement;

The idle soule shall suffer hunger,
Prov. 19. 15.

Eccles. 10. 18.

*By much slothfulness the building de-
cayeth, and through idlenesse of the
hands the house droppeth thorough.*

Exod. 16. 49.

*Behold, this was the iniquity of thy
sister Sodom, pride, fulnesse of
Bread, and abundance of idleness
was in her, and in her daughters,
neither did shee strengthen the
hand of the poore and needy.*

Prov. 6. 6, 7, 8.

*Go to the Pismire O sluggard, behold
her wayes, and be wise.*

For

For she having no guide, governour,
nor ruler, prepareth her meat in
Summer, and gathereth her food
in harvest.

Nilus in Parænes.

Idleneſſe is the wombe or fountain of
all wickedneſſe; for it consumes
and waſts the riches and vertues
which we have already, and diſ-
inables us to get thoſe we have not.

Nilus in Paræn.

Woe be to the idle ſoule, for he ſhall
bunger after that which his riot
consumed.

His Soliloquy.

HOW presumptuously haſt
thou my ſoul, tranſgreſt the
expreſſe Commandement of thy
God!

God! How hast thou dash't thy self against his *judgements*! How hath thy undeserving hand usurpt thy *diet*, and wearest on thy back the *wages* of the painful soule! Art thou not condemned to *Rags*, to *Famine*, by him whose law commanded thee to *labour*? And yet thou pamper'st up thy sides with stolen *food*, and yet thou deck'st thy wanton body with unearn'd *ornaments*; whiles they that spend their daily strength in their commanded *callings* (whose labour gives them interest in them) want *Bread* to feed, and *Rags* to cloath them. Thou art no young *Raven* my soule, no *Lilly*: Where *ability* to labour is, there providence meets *action*, and crowns it: He that forbids to cark for *to morrow*, denies Bread to the *Idleness* of to day: Consider, O my
soul

His Soliloquy. 97

soule thy owne *delinquency*, and let imployment make thee capable of thy Gods *protection*: The Bird that *sits*, is a faire mark for the Fowler, while they that use the wing escape the danger; follow thy *calling*, and heaven will follow thee with his *Blessing*: What thou hast formerly omitted, present repentance may redeeme, and what judgements God hath threatned, early Petitions may avert.

His Prayer.

MOst great and most glorious God, who for the sin of our first parents hast condemned our fraile bodies to the punishment of labour, and hast commanded every one a *Calling*
and

and a Trade of life, that hatest idlenesse as the root of evill, and threatnest poverty to the slothfull hand; I thy poore suppliant convicted by thy judgments and conscious of my own transgression, fly from my self to Thee, and humbly appeale from the high Tribunall of thy Justice, and seek for refuge in the Sanctuary of thy Mercy: Lord, I have led a life displeasing to thee, and have been a scandall to my profession; I have slighted those Blessings which thy goodnesse hath promised to a conscionable calling, and have swallowed downe the Bread of idlenesse; I have impaired the Talent thou gavest me, and have lost the opportunity of doing much good. I have filled my heart with idle imaginations, and have laid my selfe open to the lusts of the flesh.

I have abused thy favours in the
misexpending of my precious
time, and have taken no delight
in thy Sabbaths; I have doted
too much on the pleasures of
this world, and like a Droane
have fed upon the hony of Bees.
If thou O God shouldst be ex-
treme to search my wayes with
too severe an eye, thou couldst
not choose but whet thy indig-
nation, and powre the vialls of
thy wrath upon me: look there-
fore not upon my sins, O Lord,
but through the merits of my
Saviour, who hath made a full
satisfaction for all my sins: what
through my weaknesse I have
fail'd to doe, the fulnesse of his
sufferings hath most exactly
done; In him O God in whom
thou art well pleased, and for
his sake bee gracious to my sin;
Alter my heart and make it wil-
ling

ling to please thee, that in my life I may adorne my profession: Give me a care and a conscience in my calling, and grant thy blessing to the lawfull labours of my hand; Let the fidelity of my vocation improve my Talent, that I may enter into my Masters joy; Rouze up the dulnesse and deadnesse of my heart, and quench those flames of lust within mee. Assist mee O God in the redemption of my time, and deliver my soule from the evilnesse of my dayes; Let thy Providence accompany my moderate endeavours, and let all my employments depend upon thy Providence, that when the labours of this sinfull world shall cease, I may feel and enjoy the benefit of a good conscience, and obtain the rest of new *Jerusalem* in the Eternity of glory.

The proud mans Ostentation.

I'Le make him feel the *weight*
 of displeasure, and teach him
 to *repent* his saucy boldnesse:
 How dare his basenesse once pre-
 sume to breath so near my *person*,
 much more to take my *name* into
 his dunghill mouth? me thinks
 the lustre of my *sparkling eye*
 might have had the power to a-
 stonish him into good manners,
 and sent him backe to cast his
 minde into a fair *Petition*, hum-
 bly presented with his trem-
 bling hand. But thus to presse
 into my presence, to presse so
 neer my *face*, and then to *speake*,
 and speake to *me*, as if I were his
 equall, is more then sufferable:
 The way to be contemn'd is to
 digest *contempt*, but he that would
 be honour'd by the vulgar must
 F wisely

110 *The Proud mans*

wisely keep a distance : A countenance that *reserv'd* breeds fear and observation : but *affability* and too easie an *accesse* makes fooles too bold, and *reputation* cheap : What price I set upon my owne deserts, instructs opinion how to prize me : That which base ignorance miscalls thy *pride*, is but a conscious knowlege of thy *merits* : dejected soules craven'd with their own distrusts, are the worlds *Footballs* to be kickt and spurnd; but brave and true heroick spirits, that know the *strength* of their owne worth, shall baffle basenesse, and *presumption* into a reverentiall *silence*, and spire of envie flourish in an honourable *repute* Come then my soule advance thy noble, thy sublimer *thoughts*, and prize thy self according to those *parts*, which all may wonder at, few imitate, but none
can

can equall : Let not the insolent
affronts of vassals interrupt thy
Peace, nor seem one scruple lesse
 then what thou art : Be thou thy
 selfe, *respect* thy selfe, receive thou
 honour from thy selfe, Rejoyce
 thy self in *thy self*, and prize thy
 selfe for *thy selfe* ; Like *Cesar* ad-
 mit no *equall*, and like *Pompey* ac-
 knowledge no *superiour*. Be co-
 verous of thine owne *Honour*,
 and hold anothers glory as thy *in-*
jury. Renounce humilitie as an
Heresie in reputation, and meek-
 nesse as the worst disease of a
 true bred noble Spirit ; Disparage
 worth in all but in thy selfe, and
 make anothers infamy a *foyl*
 to magnifie thy glory. Let such
 as have no reason to be *proud*,
 be *humbled* of necessity, and let
 them that have no parts to va-
 lue, be *despondent*. But as for
 thee, thy *Cards* are good, and ha-

112 *His Desolation.*

ving skill enough to play thy hopefull *Game*, vie boldly, conquer and triumph.

BUt stay my soule, the *Trump* is yet unturn'd, boast not too soon, nor call it a faire day till night, the turning of a hand may make such *alterations*, in thy flattering fortunes, that all thy glorious expectations may chance to end in losse, and unsuspected *ruine*. That God which thrust that *Babylonian* Prince from his Imperiall *Throne*, to graze with beasts, hath said,

The Lord will destroy the house of the proud, Prov. 15. 25.

Prov. 11.

When pride cometh, then cometh shame, but with the lowly is wisdom.

Ier. 11. 15.

Heare ye, and give eare, and be not proud, for the Lord hath spoken.

E say

Esay 2. 12.

The day of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon every one that is proud, and lofty, and upon every one that is lifted up, and he shall be brought low.

Prov. 16. 5.

Every one that is proud in heart is abomination to the Lord.

St. James.

God rejecteth the proud, and giveth grace to the simple.

Isidor. Hispal.

Pride made Satan fall from the highest heaven, therefore they that pride themselves in their virtues, imitate the Devill; and fall more dangerously, because they aspire and climbe to the highest pitch, from whence is the greatest fall.

Greg. Mor.

*Pride grows stronger in the root
whilst it braves it selfe with pre-
sumptuous advances, yet the
higher it climbs the lower it falls:
for he that heightens himselfe
by his owne pride, is alwaies de-
stroyed by the judgement of God.*

His Soliloquy.

HOW wert thou muffled O
my soule! How were thine
eyes blinded with the corruption
of thine owne heart! When I
beheld my selfe by my own light,
I seem'd a glorious thing; My
sunne knew no eclipse. and all my
imperfections were gilded over
with *vain-glory*: But now the
day-spring from above hath shined
upon my heart, and the diviner
light hath driven away those fog-
gy

gy *mists* ; I finde my selfe another thing : My Diamonds are all turn'd *Pebbles*, and my glory is turn'd to shame. O my deceived soule, how great a *darknesse* was thy light ? The thing that seem'd so glorious, and sparkled in the night, by day appears but *rotten wood* : and that bright *Glow-worme*, that in darknesse out-shined the *Chrysolite*, is by this new-found light no better then a crawling *worm* : How inseparable O my soule is *pride* and *folly* ! which like *Hippocrates twins* still live and die together ? It blinds the eye, befools the judgement, knows no superiours, hates equals, disdaines inferiours, the wisemans *scorne*, and the fooles *Idoll* ; Renounce it O my soule, lest thy God renounce thee ; He that hath threatned to resist the *proud*, hath promised to give grace

to the *humble*. and what true *Repentance* speaks, free *mercy* heares and crownes.

His Prayer.

O God the fountain of all true Glory, and the giver of all free grace, whose Name is onely honourable, and whose workes are onely glorious, that shewest thy wayes to be meek, and takest compassion upon an humble spirit, that hatest the presence of a lofty eye, and destroyest the proud in the imaginations of their hearts, vouchsafe, O Lord, thy gracious care, and hear the sighing of a contrite heart: I know O God, the quality of my sin can look for nothing but the extremity of thy wrath: I know, the crook-

crookednesse of my condition can expect nothing but the Fornace of thy indignation ; I know, the insolence of my corrupted nature can hope for nothing but the execution of thy judgements : Yet Lord, I know withall, thou art a gracious God, of evill repenting thee, and slow to wrath ; I know thy nature and property is to shew compassion ; apt to conceive but readier to forgive : I know thou takest no pleasure in destruction of a sinner, but rather that hee should repent and live : In confidence and full assurance whereof I am here prostrate on my bended knees, and with an humble heart : Nor doe I presse into thy holy presence, trusting in my own merits, lest thou shouldest deale by me as I have dealt by others, but being encouraged by thy gracious invitation,
and

and heavy laden with the burthen
of my finnes, I come to thee O
God, who art the refuge of a
wounded soule, and the Sanctu-
ary of a broken spirit : Forgive,
O God, forgive me, what is past
recalling, and make me circum-
spect for the time to come : O-
pen mine eyes that I may see
how vaine a thing I am, and how
polluted from my very birth :
Give me an insight of my owne
corruptions, that I may truly
know, and loath my selfe. Take
from me all vaine-glory, and self
love, and make me carelesse of
the worlds applause : Endue me
with an humble heart, and take
this haughty spirit from me; Give
me a true discovery of my owne
merits, that I may truly fear and
tremble at thy judgements. Let
not the worlds contempt deject
me, nor the disrespectts of man
dimay.

The Covetous mans care. 119

dismay me. Take from mee O God a scornfull eye and curb my tongue that speaks presumptuous things : Plant in my heart a brotherly love, and cherish in me a charitable affection; Possesse my my soule with patience O God, and establish my heart in the feare of thy name, that being humbled before thee in the meeknesse of my spirit, I may be exalted by thee through the freeness of thy Grace, and crowned with thee in the Kingdome of Glory.

The Covetous Mans care.

BEleive me, the *Times* are hard and dangerous : *Charity* is grown cold, and *friends* uncomfortable ; an empty *Purse* is full of sorrow, and hollow *Bags* make

120. *The covetous mans care.*
a heavy heart : Poverty is a civill
Pestilence , which frights away
both friends and kindred, and
leaves us to a *Lord have mercy*
upon us : It is a *sicknes* very catch-
ing and infectious , and more
commonly abhord then cured :
The best Antidote against it is
Angelico, and *Providence*, and
the best Cordiall is *Aurum po-
tabile*. Gold-taking fasting is an
approved *soveraigne*. Debts are
ill *humours*, and turne at last to
dangerous *obstructions*; Lending
is a meer consumption of the *ra-
dicall* humour, and if consumed,
brings a patient to *nothing*. Let
others trust to Courtiers *promi-
ses*, to friends *performances*, to
Princes *favours*; Give me a Toy
call'd *Gold*. give me a thing call'd
Money. O blessed *Mammon*, how
extreamly sweet is thy all-com-
manding *presence* to my thriving
soule!

The Covetous mans care. 125

iousle! In banishment thou art my
deare companion; In captivity,
thou art my precious ransome.
In trouble and vexation thou art
my dainty rest. In sicknes, thou art
my *health*; In griefe, my only
joy; in all extremity, my only
trust: Vertue must vaile to thee;
Nay *Grace* it self not relisht with
thy sweetnes would even displeas
the righteous palates of the sons
of men. Come then my soul, ad-
vise, contrive, project: Go, com-
passe Sea, and Land: leave no ex-
ploit untryed, no *path* untrod,
no *time* unspent; afford thine
eyes no sleep, thy head no rest:
Neglect thy ravenous *belly*, un-
cloath thy *backe*; deceive, be-
tray, sweare and forswear to
compasse such a *friend*, If thou be
base in birth, 'twill make thee
honorable; If weak in power, it
will make thee *formidable*: Are
thy

112 *The covetous mans care.*
thy friends few ? It will make
them *numerous*. Is thy cause bad ?
It will make thee *Advocates*.
True *wisdom* is an excellent help,
in case it bend this way ; and *learn-*
ing is a gentile Ornament, if not
too chargeable : yet by your leave
they are but estates for *term of life* :
But everlasting Gold, if well ad-
vantag'd will not onely blette thy
dayes, but thy surviving *children*
from generation to generation.
Come, come et others fill their
braines with deare bought wit,
turn their pence into expence, all
charity, and store their bosomes
with unprofitable *piety*, let them
lose all to save their imaginary
consciences, and begger them selves
at home to be thought *honest* a-
broad ; Fill thou thy *vaggies* and
barnes, and lay up for many yeers
and take thy rest.

But:

BUt O my soule, what follows,
wounds my heart and strikes
me on my knees.

*Thou foole, this night will I take
thy soul from thee, Luk. 12, 20.*

Matth. 6. 24.

*Ye cannot serve God and Mam-
mon.*

Job 20. 15.

*He hath swallowed down riches,
and he shall vomit them up a-
gain: God shall cast them out of
his belly.*

Prov. 15. 17.

*He that is greedy of gaine troubles
his own house, but he that ha-
teth gifts shall live.*

2 Pet. 2. 3.

*Through covetousnesse they shall
with feigned words make mer-
chandize of you, whose judge-
ment now of a long time ling-
ereth not, and whose damnation slum-
breth not.*

Niles

124 *His Soliloquy.*

Nilus in Paranes.

Woe to the covetous, for his riches forsake him, and hell fire takes him.

Augustine

O thou covetous man, why dost thou treasure up such hidden mischief? why dost thou dote on the Image of the King stamped on coine, and hatest the Image of God that shines in men?

Augustine.

The riches which thou treasurest up are lost, those thou charitably bestowest, are truly thine.

His Soliloquy.

WHat thinkest thou now my soule? If the judgement of holy men may not inform thee, let the judgements of thy

thy angry God enforce thee :
Weigh thy owne carnall *effecti-*
ons with the sacred *Oracles* of
heaven, and light and darknesse
are not more contrary. What
thou approvest, thy God con-
demnes ; What thou desirest,
thy God forbids : Now my soul,
if *Mammon* be God, follow him ;
if *God* be God, adhere to him ;
Thou canst not serve God and
Mammon. If thy conscience
feele the *hook*, nibble no longer.
Many sinnes leave thee in the
way, this followes thee to thy
lives *end* ; the *root* of evill, the
canker of all goodnesse : It *blinds*
Justice, *poysons* Charity, *strangles*
Conscience, *beslaves* the affecti-
ons, *betrayes* friendship, *breaks*
all relations : It is a *root* of the
Devils owne planting ; pluck it
up : Think not that a *pleasure*
which God hath threatned ; nor
that

that a *blessing* which heaven hath
curst : Devoure not that which
thou or thy heire must *vomit* up :
Be no longer posselt with such a
Devill, but cast him out : and if
he be too strong, weaken him
by *Fasting*, and exorcize him by
Prayer.

His Prayer.

O God that art the fulnesse of
all riches, and the magazine
of all treasure. in the enjoyment
of whose favour the smallest mor-
sell is a rich inheritance, and the
coarsest poulce is a large portion;
without whose blessing the grea-
test plenty enriches not, and the
highest diet nourishes not : How
have I (an earthworm and no
man) fixt my whole heart upon
this transitory world, and neg-
lected

lest thee the only desirable good! I blush O Lord, to confesse the baseness of my life, and am utterly asham'd of my own foolishness: I have placed my affections upon the nasty Rubbish of this world, and have slighted the inestimable Pearl of my Salvation; I have wallowd in the mire of my inordinate desires, and refused to bee washt in the streams of thy compassion; I have put my confidence in the faithfulness of my servant, and have doubted the providence of thee my gracious Father; I have served unrighteous Mammon with greediness, and have preferred dross and dung before the pearly gates of New Jerusalem. Thou hast promised to be all in all to those that fear thee, and not to fail the soul that trusts in thee; but I refused thy gracious offer,
and

and put my confidence in the vanity of the Creature: But gracious God, to whom true Repentance never comes unseasonable, that findest an eare when sinners finde a tongue, regard the contrition of a bleeding heart, and withdraw not thy mercy from a pen'ive soule. Give mee new thoughts O God, and with thy holy Spirit new mould my desires: inform my will and sanctify my affections, that they may relish thy sweetnesse with a full delight: Create in me O God a spirituall sense, that I may take pleasure in things that are above: Give mee a contented thankfulnessse for what I have, that I may neither in poverty forsake thee, nor in plenty forget thee; Arm me with a continuall patience, that I may chearfully put my trust in thy providence:
Moderate

His Prayer. 129

Moderate my care for momentary things, that I may use the world as if I used it not : Let not the losse of any earthly good too much deject me, lest I should sinne with my lips, and charge thee foolishly : Give me a charitable hand O God, and fill my heart with brotherly compassion, that I may chearfully exchange the corruptible treasure of this world into the incorruptible riches of the world to come, and proving a faithfull steward in thy spirituall household, I may give up my account with joy, and be made partaker of thy eternall joy in the Kingdome of thy glory.

The

The Self-lovers Self-fraud.

God hath required my heart, and he shall have it : God hath commanded truth in the inward parts, and he shall be obeyed : My soule shall prayse the Lord, and all that is within me, and I will serve him in the strength of my desires. And in common Cases the tongues profession of his Name is no lesse then necessary : But when it lies upon a *life*, upon the saving of a *livelyhood*, upon the flat undoing of a *reputation*, the case is altered : My *life* is deare, my faire possessions pretious, and my *reputation* is the very Apple of mine eye. To save so great a *stake*, me thinks *equivocation* is but veniall, if a *sinne*. 'f the true loyalty of mine heart stands sound

to my *Religion* and my *God*; my well-informed *Conscience* tells me that in such *extremities* my frightened tongue may take the privilege of a *Salvo* or a mentall *reservation*, if not in the expression of a faire *compliance*. What? shall the reall breach of a holy *Sabbath*, dedicated to Gods highest glory, be tolerated for the welfare of an *Oxe*? May that breach be set upon the score of *mercy*, and commended above *sacrifice* for the savegard of an *Ass*? And may I not dispence with a bare *lippe* deniall of my urg'd Religion for the necessary preservation of the threatned *life* of a man? for the saving of the whole *livelyhood* and subsistence of a Christian? What? shall I perish for the want of food, and die a *Martyr* to that foolish conscience which forbids me to rub the
eares

ears of a little standing *Corne*? *Jacob* could purchase his sick fathers blessing with a down-right lie, and may I not dissemble for a life? The young mans great *possessions* taught his timorous tongue to shrink from and decline his hearts *profession*, and who could blame him? Come, if thou freely give thy *house*, canst thou in conscience be denied a *hiding room* for thy protection? The Syrian *Captain* (he whose heart was fixt on his now firme resolv'd, and true devotion) reserv'd the house of *Rimmon* for his necessary attendance, and yet went in *peace*. *Peter* (upon the rock of whose confession, the *Church* was grounded) to save his *liberty*, with a false, nay with a perjur'd tongue; nay more, at such a time when as the *Lord of life* (in whose behalf he drew his sword)

His Retribution. 133

(sword) was questiond for his innocent life, denied his *Master*; and shall I be so great an unthrif of my blood, my life, to lose it for a meere lippe-deniall of that *Religion* which now is settled and needs no blood to seale it?

BUt stay! my conscience checks me, there's a judgement thunders; Hark;

He that denies me before men, him will I deny before my Father which is in heaven, Matth. 10. 33.

2 Tim. 3. 1, 2.

Know that in the latter dayes perillous times shall come:

For men shall be lovers of their owne selves.

Isai. 45. 23.

I have sworn by my selfe, the word is gone out of my mouth in

G

righte-

134 His Proofs.

righteousnesse, and shall not re-
turne, that unto me every knee
shall bow, and every tongue
shall sweare.

Rom. 10. 10.

With the heart man beleeueth un-
to righteousnesse, and with the
mouth confession is made to sal-
vation.

Luke 9. 26.

Whosoever shall be ashamed of me
and my words, of him shall the
Son of man be ashamed, when he
shall come in Glory.

Augustine.

The love of God and the world are
two different things: if the love
of this world dwell in thee, the
love of God forsakes thee;
renounce that, and receive this,
it's fit the more noble love
should have the best place and
acceptance.

The-

His Soliloquy. 135

Theoph.

*It is not enough onely to beleeve
with the heart, for God will
have us confess with our mouth;
every one that confesses Christ
is God, shall finde Christ pro-
fessing to the Father that that
man is a faithfull servant;
but those that deny Christ shall
receive (that fearful doom Ne-
scio vos) I know you not.*

His Soliloquy.

MY soule, in such a time as
this when the civill *Sword*
is warme with slaughter, and
the wasting *kingdom* welters in
her *blood*, wouldst thou not give
thy life to ransom her from ru-
ine? Is not the God of *heaven*
and *earth* worth many king-
domes? Is thy welfare more con-
siderable

136 *His Soliloquy.*

considerable then his *glory* ? dar'st thou deny him for thy owne owne *ends*, that denied thee nothing for thy good ? Is a poore clod of earth we call *Inheritance*, prizable with his greatnesse ? Or a puffe of breath we call *life*, valuable with his *honour*, in comparison of whom the very *Angels* are impure ? Blush O my soule at thy owne guilt : He that accounted his *blood*, his life not worth the keeping to ransom thee a wretch, lost by thy own rebellion, deserves he not the abatement of a *lust*, to keep him from a new *crucifying* ? My soule, if Religion *binde* thee not, if judgments *terrifie* thee not, if naturall affection *incline* thee not, yet let common reason perswade thee to love him above a *trifle*, that loved thee above his *life* : And thou that hast so often denied him, de-
nie

nie thy selfe for ever, and he will
own thee; repent and hee'l par-
don thee, pray to him and he will
heare thee

His Prayer.

O God, whose glory is the
end of my creation, and
whose free mercy is the cause of
my redemption, that gavest thy
Sonne, thy onely Sonne to die
for me, who else had perished in
the common deluge of thy
wrath; What shall I render for
so great a mercy? What thank-
fulnesse shall I returne for so infi-
nite a love? Alas the most that I
can do is nothing, the best that I
can present is worse then nothing,
sinne: Lord, if I yeeld my body
for a sacrifice, I offer nothing
but a lumpe of filth, and loath-

some putrefaction; or if I give my
soul in contribution, I yeeld thee
nothing but thy Image quite de-
faced and polluted with my lusts;
or if I spend the strength of the
whole man, and with both heart
and tongue confesse and magni-
fie thy Name; how can the prai-
ses of my sinfull lips, that breath
from such a sink, be pleasing to
thee? But Lord, since thou art
pleased in thy well-pleasing Son
to accept the poverty of my weak
endeavours, send downe thy ho-
ly Spirit into my heart, cleanse it
from the filth of my corruptions,
and make it fit to praise thee:
Lord open thou my mouth, and
my lips shall shew forth thy
praise. Put a new song into my
mouth, and I will praise thee and
confesse thee all day long; I will
not hide thy goodnesse in my
mouth, but will be showing forth
thy

thy truth, and thy salvation ; Let
thy praises be my honour, and let
thy goodnesse be the subject of
my undaunted Song. Let neither
reputation, wealth, nor life be pre-
tious to me in comparison with
thee : Let not the worlds derision
daunt mee nor examples of in-
firmity deject me : Give mee
courage and wisdom to stand
for thy honour ; O make mee
worthy, able and willing to suffer
for thy Name. Lord teach me to
deny my selfe, and to resist the
motions of my owne corrupti-
ons ; create in mee O God a
single heart, that I may love the
Lord Jesus in sincerity ; remem-
ber not O Lord the finnes of my
youth, and pardon the hypocrisie of
my self-love. Wash me from the
staines and guilt of this my hai-
nous offence, and deliver me from
this fearfull judgement thou hast

threatned in thy Word : Con-
vince all the Arguments of my
unfancified wit, whereby I have
become an advocate to my sinne.
Grant that my life may adorne
my profession, and make my
tongue an instrument of thy glo-
ry. Assist me O God that I may
praise thy goodnesse, and declare
thy wonders among the children
of men : Strengthen my faith
that it may trust Thee ; and let
my works so shine that men may
praise thee ; That my heart be-
leeving unto righteousness,
and my tongue confessing to sal-
vation, I may be acknowledg'd
by thee here, and glorified by
thee in the Kingdome of glory.

The

The Worldly Mans Verdour.

FOr ought I see the case is e-
ven the same with him that
prayer, and him that does *not* pray;
with him that *swears* and him
that *fears* an oath : I see no
difference ; if any, those that
they call the wicked have the ad-
vantage. Their crops are even as
faire, their flocks as *numerous* as
theirs that weare the ground
with their religious *knees*, and fast
their bodies to a *skelliton* ; nay in
the use of blessings (which only
makes them so) they farre ex-
ceed ; they terme me *reprobate*,
and stile me *unregenerate* : 'Tis
true, I *eate* my labours with a
jolly heart ; *drinke* frolick cups ;
sweeten my paines with time-
beguiling *sports*, make the best ad-

142 *The worldly mans*

vantage of my owne, pray
when I thinke on't, *swear*
when they urge me, hear Ser-
mons at my *leasure*; follow
the *lusts* of my owne eyes, and
take the pleasure of my own
wayes; and yet, God be thanked,
my *Barnes* are *furnisht*, my sheep
stand sound, my Cattle *strong* for
labour, my pastures *rich* and flou-
rishing my body *healthfull*, and
my bags are *full*: whilst they that
are so *pure*, and make such *consci-*
ence of their wayes, that *run* to
Sermons, *figge* to Lectures, pray
thrice a day by the houre, hold
fast and *trish* prophane, and
drinking *healths* a sinne, do often
finde *lean* harvests, *easie* flocks,
and *emptie* purses: Let them be
godly that can live on *Aire* and
Faith; and eaten up by *Zeale*, can
whine themselves into an *Hospita-*
ll; or blesse their lips with cha-
ritable

ritable *scrapps*. If godlineſſe have
this *reward*, to have ſhort meals
for *long prayers*, weake eſtates for
ſtrong faiths, and good conſciences
upon ſuch bad *conditions*, let
them boalt of their *pennyworths*,
and let me be wicked ſtill, and
take my *chance* as falls. Let me
have *judgement* to diſcover a pro-
fitable *Farme*, and wit to take it
at an eaſie *Rent*, and *Gold* to ſtock
it in a liberall manner, and *ſkill* to
manage it to my beſt advantage,
and *luck* to finde a good encrease,
and *providence* to husband wiſely
what I gaine, I ſeek no further,
and I wiſh no more. Husbandry
and Religion are two ſeverall
occupations, and look two ſeverall
wayes, and he is the onely *wiſe*
man can reconcile them.

But

BUt stay, my soule, I fear thy
 Breckoning failes thee; If thou
 hast judgement to *discover*; wit,
 to *bargaine*; Gold, to *employ*;
 skill, to *manage*; providence to
dispose; canst thou command the
 Clouds to *drop*? or if a wet sea-
 son meet thy *Harvest*, and with
 open fluces overwhelm thy
 hopes; canst thou let downe the
floodgates, and stop the watry
Flux? Canst thou command the
Sunne to shine? Canst thou for-
 bid the *Mildewes*, or controll the
 breath of the Malignant *East*? Is
 not this Gods sole *Prerogative*?
 And hath not that God said,

*When the workers of iniquity doe
 flourish, it is that they shall bee
 destroyed for ever, Psal. 92. 13.*

Job. 21. 7.

*Wherefore do the wicked live, be-
 come*

- come old, ye are mighty in power?
8. Their seed is establisht in their sight, and their off-spring before their eyes.
9. Their houses are safe from fear, neither is the wrath of God upon them.
10. Their Bull gendereth, and faileth not, their Cow calveth, and casteth not her Calfe.
11. They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children daunce.
12. They take the Timbrell, and the Harp, and rejoyce at the sound of the Organ.
13. They spend their dayes in wealth, and in a moment they go downe to the Grave.
-

Nil. in Parænes.

Woe be to him that pursues empty
and

146 *His Soliloquy.*

*and fading pleasures : because in
a short time he fats, and pampers
himself as a Calf to the slaughter.*

Bernard.

*There is no misery more true and
reall, then false and counterfeit
pleasure.*

Hierom.

*It's not onely difficult, but impossible
to have heaven here and hereaf-
ter : To live in sensuall lusts, and
to attain spirituall blisse ; to
passe from one paradise to ano-
ther, to be a mirrour of felicity in
both worlds, to shine with glorious
rayes both in this globe of earth,
and the orbe of heaven.*

His Soliloquy.

HOW sweet a feast is, till the
reckoning come ! A fair day
ends often in a cold night, and the
road

road that's pleasant, ends in *Hell*:
 If worldly pleasures had the pro-
 mise of *continuance*, prosperity
 were some comfort; but in this
 necessary *vicissitude* of good and
 evill, the prolonging of ad-
 versity *sharpens* it: It is no com-
 mon thing, my soule, to enjoy
 two heavens: *Dives* found it in
 the *present*, *Lazarus* in the *fu-
 ture*: Hath thy encrease met with
 no *damage*? thy reputation with
 no *scandall*? thy pleasure, with
 no *croffe*? thy prosperity, with no
adversity? Presume not: Gods
 checks are *symptomes* of his mercy:
 but his silence is the *Harbinger*
 of a judgement. Be circumspect,
 and provident my soule: Hast
 thou a faire *Summer*? provide for
 a hard *Winter*: The worlds *River*
 ebbes alone; it flowes not: Hee
 that goes merrily with the *stream*,
 must *bale* up: Flatter thy selfe:
 there:

therefore no longer in thy *prosperous* sin, O my deluded soule! but be truly sensible of thy own *presumption*: Look seriously into thy approaching danger, and humble thy self with true contrition: If thou procure *sowre Herbs*, God will provide his *Passcover*.

His Prayer.

HOW weake is man O God,
 when thou forsakeſt him!
 How foolish are his Counsels,
 when he plots without thee! How
 wild his progresse, when he wanders
 from thee! How miserable
 till he returne unto thee! How
 his wit failes! How his wisdom
 falters! How his wealth melts!
 How his providence is beſool'd!
 and how his soule beſlav'd! Thou
 ſtrik'ſt off the Chariot wheelles
 of

of his Inventions, and he is perplext : Thou confoundest the *Babel* of his imaginations, and he is troubled : Thou crossest his designs that he may feare thee, and thou stopst him in his wayes that he may know thee. How mercifull art thou O God, and in thy very judgements Lord how gracious ! Thou mightst have struck me into the lowest pit as easily as on these bended knees, and yet been justified in my confusion : But thou hast threatned like a gentle father, as loth to punish thy ungracious childe. Thou knowest the crooked thoughts of man are vaine, still turning point to their contrivers ruine ; Thou saw'st me wandring in the maze of death, whilst I with violence pursued my owne destruction : But thou hast warn'd me by thy sacred Word, and took me
off

off that I might live to praise thee. Thou art my confidence O God ; Thou art the rock, the rocke of my salvation. Thy Word shall be my guide, for all thy paths are Mercy and Truth : Lord when I look upon my former worldlinesse , I utterly abhorre my conversation : strengthen mee with thy assistance, that I may lead a new life ; make me more and more sensible of my own condition, and perfect thou the good worke thou hast begun in me : In all my designs be thou my Counsellour, that I may prosper in my undertakings. In all my actions be thou my guide, that I may keep the path of thy Cōmandements. Let all my own devises come to nought, lest I presume upon the arme of flesh ; let not my wealth encrease without thy blessing, lest I be fatted

up against the day of slaughter:
 Have thou a hand in all my just
 employments, then prosper thou
 the worke of my hands, O prosper
 thou my handy-worke: That
 little I enjoy, confirme it to me,
 and make it mine, who have no
 interest in it till thou owne me as
 thy Child: Then shall my soule
 rejoyce in thy favours, and mag-
 nifie thy name for all thy mer-
 cies: Then shall my lips proclaim
 thy loving kindnesse, and sing thy
 praises for ever and ever.

The lascivious mans Heaven.

CAN flesh and blood bee so
 unnaturall to forget the
 Lawes of *Nature*? Can blowing
 youth immure it selfe within the
 Icy walls of Vestall Chastity?
 Can *lusty* diet, and *mollicious* rest
 bring

bring forth no other fruits, but *faint* desires, *rigid* thoughts, and *Phlegmatick* conceits? Should we be *stocks* and *stones*, and (having active souls) turne altogether *passives*? Must we turne *Ancherites* and spend our dayes in *Caves*, and *Hermitages*, and smother up our pretious hours in *cloysterd* folly, and *recluse* devotion? Can rosy cheeks, can ruby lips, can snowy breasts and sparkling eyes, present their *beauties* and perfections to the sprightly view of *young* mortality, and must we stand like *Statues* without sense or motion? Can strict Religion impose such *cruell* tasks and even *impossible* commands upon the raging thoughts of her unhappy *votaries*, as to withstand and contradict the *instinct*, and very principles of *Nature*? Can faire-pretending *Piety* be so barbarous

barous to condemn us to the flames of our affections, and make us *Martyrs* to our own desires? Is't not enough to conquer the rebellious *actions* of imperious flesh, but wee must manacle her hands, darken her eyes; nay worse, restrain the freedom of her very *thoughts*? Can full perfection be expected here? Or can our work bee *perfect* in this vale of imperfection? This were a life for *Angels*, but a task too hard for frail, for transitory *man*. Come, come, wee are but men, but *flesh* and *blood*, and our born frailties cannot grapple with such potent *tyranny*. What Nature and Necessity requires us to doe, is *veniall*, being done. Come, strive no more against so strong a *stream*, but take thy fill of *beauty*; solace thy wanton heart with *amorous* contemplations, cloathe

cloathe all thy words with courtly *Rhetorick*, and soften thy lips with *Dialects* of Love; *Surfet* thy selfe with pleasure, and *melt* thy passion into warm delights; Walk into Natures universall *Bower*, and pick what *Flower* does most surprize thine eye; drink of all *waters*, but bee tied to none. Spare neither cost nor paines, to compasse thy *Desires*: Enjoy *varieties*; emparadise thy soule in *fresh* Delights. The change of pleasure makes thy pleasure double: Ravish thy senses with perpetuall *choyce*, and glut thy soule with all the *delicates* of Love.

BUt hold! there is a voyce that whispers in my troubled eare, a voyce that blanks my thoughts, and stops the course of my *resolves*; a voyce that chills
the

the bosom of my soul, and fills me
with amazement: Hark,

*They which doe such things,
shall not inherit the kingdom
of God, Gal. 5. 21.*

Exodus 20 14

Thou shalt not commit Adultery.

Matthew 5. 28.

*Whosoever looks upon a woman to
lust after her, hath committed
Adultery with her already in
his heart*

Rom. 13. 13

*Let us walk honestly as in the day,
not in rioting, nor in drunken-
nesse, nor in chambering, nor in
wantonnesse*

1 Peter 2. 11.

*Abstain from fleshly lusts, which
warre against the soule*

Nilus in Paræn.

*Woe be to the fornicator and adul-
terer, for his garment is defiled
and*

156 *His Soliloquy.*

and spotted, and the heavenly Bridegrooms casts him out from his chaste nuptials.

A world of presumptuous and hay-nous offences do arise and spring from the filthy fountain of adulterous lust, whereby the gate of heaven is shut, and poore man excluded from God.

S Gregor. Mor.

Hence the flesh lives in sensuall delights for a moment, but the immortall soule perisheth for ever

His Soliloquy.

Lust is a *Brand* of originall fire, raked up in the *Embers* of flesh and blood; uncovered by a naturall inclination, blown by corrupt communication, quencht with fasting and humiliation: It is raked up in the *best*, uncovered
in

in the *most*, and blown in *thee*,
O my lustfull soule; O turn thy
eare from the *pleadings* of Na-
ture, and make a *Covenant* with
thine eyes: Let not the language
of *Delilah* inchant thee, lest the
hands of the Philistims surprize
thee: Review thy *past* pleasures,
with the charge and paines thou
hadst to compasse them, and shew
me, where's thy pennyworth?
Foresee what *punishments* are pre-
par'd to meet thee, and tell mee,
what's thy *purchase*? Thou hast
barterd away thy God for a *lust*;
sold thy *Eternity* for a *Trifle*; If
this bargain may not bee recald
by *teares*, dissolve thee O my
soule into a Spring of *waters*: If
not to bee revert with *price*, re-
duce thy whole estate into a
Sackcloth, and an *Ash tub*. Thou
whose I ever hath scorcht in the
flames of lust, humble thy heart

in the ashes of Repentance: and as with *Eſau* thou haſt ſold thy Birthright for *Broth*, ſo with *Jacob* wreſtle by *prayer* till thou get a bleſſing.

His Prayer.

O God, before whoſe face the Angels are impure; before whoſe clear omnſcience all Actions appear, to whom the very ſecrets of the hearts are open; I here acknowledge to thy glory and my ſhame, the filthineſſe and vile impurity of my nature: Lord I was filthy in my very conception, and in filthines my mothers wombe enclosed me, brought forth in filthineſſe, and filthy in my very innocency, filthy in the motions of my fleſh, and filthy in the apprehenſions of my ſoul: my
words

words all cloath'd with filthi-
nesse, and in all my actions filthy
and unclean, in my inclination
filthy, and in the whole course of
my life nothing but a continued
filthinesse. Wash me O God, and
make me clean, cleanse me from
the filthinesse of my corruption ;
Purge me O Lord with Hyssop,
and create a clean heart within
me : Correct the vagrant moti-
ons of my flesh, and quench the
fiery darts of Satan ; Let not the
Law of my corrupted members
rule mee ; O let concupiscence
have no dominion over me: Give
me courage to fight against my
lusts, and give my weaknesse
strength to overcome ; make
sharpe my sword against this bo-
dy of sinne, but most against my
Dalilah, my bosome sin. Deli-
ver me from the tyranny of
temptation, or give me power to

subdue it : Confine the liberty of my wanton appetite, and give me temperance in a sober diet ; Grant me a heart to strive with thee in Prayer, and hopefull patience to attend thy leisure ; Keep me from the habit of an idle life, and close mine eares against corrupt communication ; Set thou a watch before my lips, that all my words may savour of sobriety : Preserve me from the vanity and pride of life, that I may walke blamelesse in my conversation ; Protect me from the fellowship of the unclean, and from all such as are of evill report. Let thy grace O God be sufficient for me, to protect my soule from the buffetings of Satan ; Make me industrious and diligent in my calling, lest the enemy get advantage over mee : In all my temptations let mee have recourse to thee. Be thou
my

my refuge when I call upon thee;
 Forgive O God the finnes of my
 youth, O pardon the multi-
 tudes of my secret finnes : En-
 crease my hatred to my former
 life, and strengthen my resoluti-
 on for the time future ; Hear me
 O God, and let the words of my
 mouth be alwaies acceptable to
 thee, O God my strength and
 my Redeemer.

*The Sabbath-breakers Pro-
 phanation.*

THe glittering *Prince* that
 sits upon his regall, and im-
 periall Throne, and the ignoble
Peasant that sleeps within his
 sordid house of Thatch are both
 alike to God: An *Ivory* Temple
 and a Church of *Clay* are priz'd

162 *The Sabbath-breakers*
alike by him : The flesh of *Bulls*,
and the perfumes of *Myrror* and
Cassia imoak his Altars with an
equall pleasure : And does he
make such difference of *dayes* ?
Is he that was so weary of the
New-Moones, so taken with the
Sun to tie his *Sabbath* to that on-
ly day ? The *tenth* in tithes is any
one in *ten*, and why the seventh
day not any one in *seven* ? We
sanctifie the day, the day not us :
But are we *Jewes* ? Are we still
bound to keepe a *legall* Sabbath
in the stricteesse of the Letter ?
Have the Gentiles no priviledge
by vertue of *Messiahs* comming,
or has the *Evangelicall* Sabbath
no immunities ? The service done
the *day's* discharged, my *libertie*
restored ; And if I meet my
profits, or my *pleasures* then, I'll
give them entertainment. If *bu-
sinesse* call me to account, I dare
afford

afford a carefull eare. Or if my *sports* invite me, I'll entertaine them with a cheerfull heart : I'll goe to *Mattens* with as much devotion as my neighbour, I'll make as low *obeysance*, and as just *responds* as any; but as soon as *Even-song's* ended, my Church-devotion and my *Psalter* shall sanctifie my *Pue* till the next Sabbath call; Were it no more for an old *custome* sake, then for the good I finde in Sabbaths, that *Ceremony* might as well be spared. It is a day of *Rest*: And what's a *Rest*? A relaxation from the toile of *labour*: And what is *labour* but a painfull exercise of the fraile body? But where the *exercise* admits no toile, there *Relaxation* makes no *Rest*: What labour is it for the *worldly* man to compasse Sea and Land to accomplish his desires?

164 His extirpation.

What labour is it for the impatient *lover* to measure Hellespont with his widened armes to hasten his *delight*? What labour for the youth to number musick with their sprightly *paces*? Where pleasure's reconcil'd to labour, labour is but an active rest; Why should the Sabbath then, a *day of rest*, divorce thee from those delights that make thy *Rest*? Afflict their soules that please, my rest shall be what most conduces to my hearts *delight*. Two houres will vent more *prayers* then I shall need, the rest remaines for *pleasure*.

Conscience, why start'st thou?
A judgement strikes me
from the mouth of heaven, and
saith,
*Whosoever doth any worke on my
Sabbath, his soule shall be cut off,*
Exod. 31. 14. Exod.

Exod. 20.

Remember to keep holy the Sabbath day; six dayes shalt thou labour, and doe all that thou hast to do, but the seventh day, &c.

Exod. 31. 14.

Ye shall keep my Sabbath, for it is holy unto you.

Exod. 31. 13.

Verily my Sabbaths thou shalt keep, for this is a sign betwixt me and you, throughout your Generations.

Luke 23. 56.

And they returned and prepared spices, and oynments, and rested on the Sabbath day according to the Commandement.

Gregor.

Wee ought upon the Lords day to rest from bodily labour, and wholly to addict our selves to prayers, that whatsoever
back to

hath been done amisse the weeke before, may upon the day of our Lords resurrrection be expiated and purged by fervent prayers.

Cyr. Alex.

Sin is the storehouse of death and misery, it kindles flames for it's dearest friends. Therefore whosoever when he should rest from sin, busieth himselfe in the dead and fruitlesse workes of wickednesse, and renouncing all piety, lusts after such things as will bring him into eternall destruction, and everlasting flames, justly deserves to die and perish with the damned, because when he might have enjoyed a pious rest, he laboured to run headlong to his own destruction.

His

His Soliloquy.

MY soul, how hast thou pro-
 phaned that *day* thy God
 hath sanctified! How hast thou
encroach'd on that which heaven
 hath *set apart*! If thy impatience
 cannot act a Sabbath *twelve hours*,
 what happiness canst thou expect
 in a perpetuall Sabbath? Is sixe
 dayes *too little* for thy selfe, and
 two hours *too much* for thy God?
 O my soule, how dost thou prize
temporalls beyond *eternalls*? Is it
 equall that God who gave thee
 a body, and sixe *dayes* to provide
 for it, should demand *one day* of
 of thee, and be denied it? How
liberall a receiver art thou, and
 how miserable a *Requirer*! But
 know my soule, his Sabbaths are
 the *Apple* of his eye: He that
 hath power to vindicate the
breach

breach of it, hath threatned judgements to the *breaker* of it. The God of mercy that hath mitigated the *rigour* of it for charity sake, will not diminish the *honour* of it for prophaneſſe sake : forget not then my ſoule to remember his *Sabbaths*, and remember not to forget his judgements, leſt he forget to remember thee in *Mercy* : What thou haſt neglected, bewaile with *contrition*, and what thou haſt repented, forſake with *reſolution*, and what thou haſt reſolved ſtrengthen with *devotion*.

His Prayer.

O Eternall, juſt, and all diſcerning Judge; in thy ſelfe, glorious; in thy Son, gracious; who tryeſt without a witneſſe, and

and condemnest without a jury;
O! I confesse my very actions
have betrayed me, thy word hath
brought in evidence against me,
my own conscience hath witness-
sed against me, and thy judge-
ment hath past sentence against
me: And what have I now to
plead but mine owne misery, and
whether should that misery flee
but to the God of mercy? And
since O Lord the way to mercy
is to leave my selfe, I here dis-
claim all interest in my selfe, and
utterly renounce my selfe: I that
was created for thy glory, have
dishonoured thy Name; I that
was made for thy service, have
prophaned thy Sabbaths; I have
fleighted thy Ordinances, and
turned my back upon thy San-
ctuary; I have neglected thy Sa-
craments, abused thy Word, de-
spis'd thy Ministers and despis'd
their

their ministry; I have come into thy Courts with an unprovided heart, and have drawn near with uncircumcised lips ; And Lord I know thou art a jealous God, and most severe against all such as violate thy Rest; The glory of thy Name is precious to thee, and thine honour is as the Apple of thine eye ; But thou O God that art the God of Hosts, hast published and declared thy selfe the Lord of mercy ; The constitution of thy Sabbath was a work of time, but Lord thy mercy is from all eternity ; I that have broke thy Sabbaths, do here present thee with a broken heart ; thy hand is not shortned that thou canst not heale, nor thy ear deafned that thou canst not hear; Stretch forth thy hand O God and heal my wounds. Bow down thine eare O Lord, and heare my Prayers ;

Prayers ; Alter the fabrick of my
finfull heart, and make it tender
of thy glory ; Make me ambiri-
ous of thy service, and let thy Sab-
baths be my whole delight ; Give
me a holy reverence of thy Word,
that it may prove a light to my
steps and a Lanthorn to my feet.
Endue my heart with Charity
and Faith that I may finde a com-
fort in thy Sacraments. Blesse
thou the Ministers of thy sacred
Word, and make them holy in
their lives, sound in their doctrine
& laborious in their callings. Pre-
serve the universall Church in
these distracted times ; give her
peace, unity, & uniformity, purge
her of all Schisme, error and super-
stition ; Let the Kings daughter be
all glorious within, and let thine
eyes take pleasure in her beauty,
that being honor'd here to be a
member of her Militant, I may
be

172 *The Censorious mans*
bee glorified with her trium-
phant.

*The Censorious mans Cri-
mination.*

I Know there is much of the *seed*
of the Serpent in him by his
very *lookes*, if his words betray'd
him not; He hath eaten the Egge
of the *Cockatrice*, and surely he
remaineth in the state of *perdition*;
He is not within the *Cove-
nant*, and abideth in the Gall of
bitternesse; His studied Prayers
show him to be a high *Malig-
nant*, and his *Jesu worship* con-
cludes him popishly affected; He
comes not to our private meet-
ings, nor contributes a penny to
the *cause*: He cries up *learning*,
and the book of *Common-prayer*,
and takes no armes to hasten *Re-
formation*;

formation ; He feares God for his owne ends, for the spirit of *Antichrist* is in him. His eyes are full of *Adulteries*, and goes a whooring after his owne *inventions* : He can hear an oath from his superiours without *reproof*, and the heathenish Gods named without spitting in his *face* : Wherefore my soule detesteth him, and I will have no conversation with him ; for what fellowship hath light with *darknesse*, or the pure in heart with the unclean ? Sometimes he is a *Publican*, sometimes a *Pharisee*, and alwayes an *Hypocrite* ; He railes against the *Altar* as loud as we, and yet he cringes and makes an *Idol* of the name of *Jesus* ; he is quick-sighted to the infirmities of the Saints, and in his heart rejoyceth at our *failings* ; he honours not a preaching *ministry*, and too much leans

174 *The Censorious mans &c.*

to a Church-government ; hee
paints devotion on his face, whilst
pride is stamp't within his heart :
he places sanctity in the walls of a
Steeple-house, and adores the Sa-
crament with his popish knee ;
His Religion is a Weathercock, and
turns brest to every blast of wind.
With the pure he seems pure, and
with the wicked he will joyne in
fellowship ; A sober language is in
his mouth but the *poysen* of Aspes
is under his tongue ; His workes
conduce not to edification, nor are
the motions of his heart sanctifi-
ed ; He adores great ones for pre-
ferment, and speaks too partially
of authority : He is a *Laodicean* in
his faith, a *Nicolaïtane* in his
workes, a Pharisee in his disguise,
a rank Papist in his heart, and I
thanke my God I am not as this
man.

But

His Commination. 175

BUt stay my soule, take heed
whilst thou judgest another,
lest God judge thee; how com'st
thou so expert in *another's* heart,
being so often deceived in thy
own? A *Saul* to day, may prove a
Paul to morrow; Take heed
whilst thou wouldst seem religi-
ous thou appear not *uncharitable*;
and whilst thou judgest man, thou
be not judg'd of God, who saith,
Judge not, lest ye be judged, Mat.

7. 1.

John 7. 24.

*Judge not according to appearance,
but judge righteous judgement.*

Rom. 14. 10.

*But why dost thou judge thy bro-
ther? or why dost thou set at
nought thy brother? We shall all
stand before the judgement seat
of Christ.*

I Cor 4. 5.

*Judge nothing before the time, un-
till*

till the Lord come who will both bring to light the hidden things of darknesse, and wil make manifest the counsell of the heart.

Rom. 14. 12.

Let us not therefore judge one another any more, but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block, or an accusation to fall in his brothers way:

Pfal. 50. 6.

God is judge himselfe.

St. Augustine.

Apparant and notorious iniquities ought both to be reprov'd and condemned, but we should never judge such things as we understand not, nor can certainly know whether they be done with a good or evill intent.

St. Augustine.

When thou knowest not apparantly, judge charitably; because it's better

His Soliloquy. 177

better to thinke well of the wicked then by frequent censuring to suspect an innocent man guilty of an offence.

St. Augustine.

The unrighteous iudge shall bee justly condemned.

His Soliloquy.

HAs thy brother, O my soul, a *beam* in his eye? And hast thou no *moat* in thine? Clear thy owne, and thou wilt see the better to cleanse his: If a *Thife* bee in his Candle, blow it not out, lest thou wrong the *flame*, but if thy *snuffers* be of Gold, snuffe it: Has he offended thee? *Forgive* him: Hath he trespass'd against the Congregation? *Reprove* him: Hath he sinned against God? Pray for him. O my soule, how uncharitable

178 *His Soliloquy.*

charitable hast thou been? How
 Pharisaically hast thou judg'd?
 Being sick of the *laundies*, how
 hast thou censur'd another *yellow*?
 And with blotted fingers made
 his *blurre* the greater? How has
 the *pride* of thine owne heart
blinded thee toward thy selfe?
 How *quick sighted* to another!
 Thy brother has slipt, but thou
 hast fallen, and hast blancht thy
 owne *impiety* with the publishing
 his *sin*: Like a *Flie*, thou stingest
 his sores, and feed'st on his corrup-
 tions; Iesus came eating and
 drinking, and was judg'd a
glutton; Iohn came fasting, and
 was challeng'd with a *devill*;
 Iudge not my soule, lest thou be
 judged; maligne not thy bro-
 ther, lest God laugh at thy de-
 struction: Wouldst thou escape
 the punishment? *judge thy selfe*:
 Wouldst thou avoid the sin? *humble*
thy selfe.

His

His Prayer.

O God that art the onely
 searcher of the Reines, to
 whom the secrets of the heart of
 man are only known, to whom
 alone the judgement of our
 thoughts, our words & deeds be-
 long, and to whose sentence we
 must stand or fall, I a presumptu-
 ous sinner that have thrust into
 thy place and boldly have presu-
 med to execute thy office, do here
 as humbly confesse the insolence
 of mine attempt, and with a sor-
 rowfull heart repent me of my
 doings; and though my convin-
 ced conscience can look for no-
 thing from thy wrathfull hand
 but the same measure which I
 measured to another, yet in the
 confidence of that mercy which
 thou hast promised to all those
 that

that truly and unfainedly beleeeve,
I am become an humble futor for
thy gracious pardon: Lord, if thou
search me but with a favourable
eye, I shall appeare much more
unrighteous in thy sight, then this
my uncharitably condemned bro-
ther did in mine. O looke not
therefore, Lord, upon me as I am,
lest thou abhor me; but through
the merits of my blessed Saviour,
cast a gracious eye upon me; Let
his humilitie satisfie for my pre-
sumption, and let his meritorious
sufferings answer for my vile un-
charitablenesse; let not the voice
of my offence provoke thee with
a stronger cry, then the language
of his Intercession. Remove from
me O God all spirituall pride, and
make me little in my own con-
ceit; Lord light me to my selfe,
that by thy light I may discern
how dark I am; Lighten that
darke-

darknesse by thy holy Spirit,
that I may search into my own
corruptions: And since O God
all gifts and graces are but no-
thing, and nothing can be accep-
table in thy sight without chari-
ty; quicken the dulnesse of my
faint affections, that I may love
my brother as I ought; Soften
my marble heart that it may
melt at his infirmities; Make
me carefull in the examination
of my owne wayes, and most
severe against my owne offences:
Pull out the beam out of mine
owne eye, that I may see clear-
ly, and reprove wisely. Take from
me O Lord, all grudging, envy,
and malice, that my seasonable
reproofs may win my brother.
Preserve my heart from all cen-
sorious thoughts, and keep my
tongue from striking at his name:
Grant that I make right use of
I his

182 *The Liars Fallacies.*

his Infirmities, and read good Lessons in his failings, that loving him in thee, and thee in him according to thy command, wee may both bee united in thee as members of thee, that thou mayest receive honour from our communion here, and we eternall glory from thee hereafter in the world to come.

The Liars Fallacies.

NAY if Religion be so strict
a Law to binde my tongue
to the necessity of a truth on all
occasions, at all times, and in all
places, the gate is too *strait* for me
to enter : Or if the generall rules
of down-right truth will admit
no few *exceptions*, farewell all ho-
nest *mirth*, farewell all *trading*,
farewell the whole converse be-
twixt

The Liars Fallacies 183

twixt man and man : If alwayes
to speak punctuall truth bee the
true *Symptomes* of a blessed soule;
Tom Tell troth has a happy time,
and fooles and children are the
only men. If *truth* sit Regent, in
what faithfull breast shall *secrets*
finde repose? What *kingdome* can
be safe? What *Common wealth*
can be secure? What *warre* can
be successfull? What *Stratagem*
can prosper? if bloody times
should force Religion, to shroud
it selfe beneath my roose; upon
demand, shall my false truth be-
tray it. Or shall my brothers life,
or shall my owne be seisd upon
through the cruell truth of my
down-right *confession*? or rather
not be secured by a faire *officious*
lie? shall the righteous *Favorite*
of Egypts *Tyrant*, by vertue of a
loud *lie*, sweeten out his joy and
heighthen up his soft affection

184 *The Lyars Fallacies.*

with the *Antiperistasis* of teares,
 and may I not prevaricate with a
 sullen truth to save a brothers *life*,
 from a bloodthirsty hand? shall
Jacob and his too indulgent *mo-*
ther, conspire in a *lie* to purchase
 a paternall *blessing* in the false
 name, and habit of a supplanted
brother, and shall I question to
 preserve the granted blessing of a
life, or *livelihood*, with a harme-
 lesse lie? Come, come, my soul,
 let not thy timorous *conscience*
 check at such poor things as these:
 So long as thy officious tongue
 aymes at a just *end*, a lie is no of-
 fence: So long as thy perjurious
 lips confirme not thy untruth
 with an *audacious* brow, thou
 needst not feare: The weight of
 the *cause* releevs the burthen of
 the *Crime*: Is thy *Center* good?
 No matter how crooked the
 lines of the *circumference* be: *Pol-*
licie

The Lyars Fallacies. 185

licie allowes it : If thy journies
end be heaven, it matters not how
full of Hell thy journey be, *Di-*
vinity allowes it : Wilt thou con-
demn the *Egyptian Midwives* for
saving the *infant* Iraelites by so
merciful a lie? When martial *exe-*
cution is to be done, wilt thou fear
to *kill*? When hunger drives thee
to the gates of death, wilt thou
be afraid to *steale* ? When civill
warres divide a Kingdome, will
Mercuries decline a *lie* ? No, cir-
cumstances *excuse*, as well as *make*
the lie ; Had *Cesar*, *Scipio*, or *A-*
lexander been regulated by such
strict *Divinity*, their names had
been as silent as their *dust* : A lie
is but a faire *put off*, the *sanctuary*
of a secret, the *riddle* of a lover,
the *stratagem* of a Souldier, the
policy of a Statesman , and a *salve*
for many desperate sores.

I 3

But

185 *His Flames.*

BUt hark, my soule, there's
something rounds mine eare,
and calls my language to a *recan-*
tation; The Lord hath spoken it,

*Liers shall have their part in
the lake which burneth with fire
and brimstone, Revel. 21. 8.*

Exod. 20.

Thou shalt not raise a false report.

Levit. 19. 11.

*Ye shall not deal falsely, neither lie
one to another.*

Prov. 12. 22.

*Lying lips are abomination to the
Lord, but they that deal truly
are his delight.*

Prov. 19. 5.

*He that speaketh lies shall not
escape.*

Ephes. 4. 5.

*Put away lying, and every one
speak truth with his neighbour,
for we are members one of ano-
ther.*

Revel.

Revel. 21. 27.

There shall in no wise enter into the new Ierusalem any thing that worketh abomination, or that maketh a lie.

S. Auguttine.

Whosoever thinkes there is any kind of lie that is not a sin, shamefully deceives himself, mistaking a lying or consening knave for a square or honest man.

Gregor.

Eschew and avoid all falshood, though sometime certain kind of untruths are lesse sinfull, as to tell a lie to save a mans life; yet because the Scripture saith, The lyer slayeth his own soul, and God will destroy them that tell a lie; therefore, religious and honest men should alwayes avoid even the best sort of lies, neither ought another mans life be secured by our falsehood.

*hood or lying, lest we destroy our
owne soule in labouring to secure
another mans life.*

His Soliloquy.

VWhat a *child* O my soule,
hath thy false bosome
harbord! And what reward can
thy indulgence expect from such
a *father*? What blessing canst thou
hope for from heaven, that plea-
dest for the *son* of the devill, and
crucifyest the *Son* of God? God is
the Father of truth; To secure
thy estate thou deniest the *truth*,
by framing of a *lie*: To save thy
brothers *life*, thou opposest the
truth in justifying a *lie*. Now tell
me O my soul, art thou worthy
the name of a *Christian*, that de-
nyest and opposest the *nature* of
Christ? Art thou worthy of
Christ

His Soliloquy. 189

Christ that preferrest thy estate,
or thy brothers life before him?
O my unrighteous soule, canst
thou hold thy brother worthy of
death for giving thee the lie, and
thy selfe guiltlesse that makest a
lie? I, but in some cases truth de-
stroyes thy life; a *lie* preserves it:
My soule, was God thy *Creator*?
then make not the devill thy *pre-*
server: Wilt thou despair to trust
him with thy life that gave it,
and make him thy *Protector*
that seeks to destroy it? Reforme
thee and repent thee, O my soul;
hold not thy life on such conditi-
ons, but trust thee to the hands
that made thee.

His Prayer.

O God, that art the God of truth, whole word is truth, that hatest lying lips, and abominatest the deceitfull tongue, that banishest thy presence all such as love or make a ly, and lovest truth, and requirest uprightnesse in the inward parts, I the most wretched of the sonnes of men, and most unworthy to be called thy son, make bold to cast my sinfull eyes to heaven; Lord I have sinned against heaven and against truth, and have turned thy grace into a lie; I have renounced the wayes of righteousness, and harbour'd much iniquity within me, which hath turned thy wrath against me; I have transgressed against the checks of my own conscience, and have vaunted of my transgression: which

which way soever I turne mine eye, I see no object but shame and confusion: Lord, when I look upon my selfe, I finde nothing there but fuell for thy wrath, and matter for thine indignation, and my condemnation. And when I cast mine eyes to heaven, I there behold an angry God, and a severe revenger; But Lord at thy right hand I see a Saviour, and a sweet Redeemer; I see thy wounded Son cloathd in my flesh, and bearing mine infirmities, and interceding for my numerous transgressions; for which my soule doth magnifie thee O God, and my spirit rejoyceth in him my Saviour; Lord, when thou lookest upon the vast score of my offences, turne thine eyes upon the infinite merits of his satisfaction; O when thy justice calls to mind my finnes, let not thy mercy forget

forget his sufferings; Wash mee,
O wash me in his blood, and thou
shalt see me cloathed in his righ-
teousnesse: Let him that is all in
all to me, be all in all for me;
make him to me sanctification,
justification and redemption: In-
spire my heart with the spirit of
thy truth, and preserve me from
the deceitfulnesse of a double
tongue: Give me an inward con-
fidence to relie upon thy fatherly
providence, that neither fear may
deterre me, nor any advantage
may turne me from the wayes
of thy truth: Let not the speci-
ous goodnesse of the end encou-
rage me to the unlawfulnessse of
the meanes, but let thy Word be
the warrant to all my actions;
Guide my footsteps that I may
walke uprightly, and quicken my
conscience, that it may reprove
my failings: Cause me to feel the
burthen

burthen of this my habituall sin,
 that comming to thee by a true
 and serious repentance, my sins
 may obtaine a full and a grati-
 ous forgivenesse: Give me a heart
 to make a Covenant with my lips,
 that both my heart and tongue
 being sanctified by thy Spirit,
 may be both united in truth by
 thy mercy, and magnifie thy
 name for ever, and for ever.

The revengefull mans rage.

O What a *Julip* to my
 scorching soul is the de-
 licious blood of my *Offender*! and
 how it cooles the burning *Fever*
 of my boyling veynes! It is the
Quintessence of pleasures, the
 height of satisfaction, and the
 very

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very marrow of all delight, to bathe and paddle in the *blood* of such, whose bold affronts have turn'd my wounded patience into *fury*? How full of sweetness was his death, who dying was reveng'd upon *three thousand* enemies? How sweetly did the *younger brothers* blood allay the soul-consuming flames of the *elder*, who took more pleasure in his last *breath*, then heaven did in his first *Sacrifice*? Yet had not heaven condemn'd his action, nature had found an *Advocate* for his *passion*: What sturdy spirit hath the power to rule his suffering thoughts, or curbe the headstrong fury of his *Irascible affections*? Or who but fools (that cannot taste an injury) can moderate their high-bred spirits, and stop their passion in her full career? Let heavy Cynicks,

nicks, they whose leaden soules
are taught by stupid reason to
stand *bent* at every wrong, that
can digest an injury more easily
then a complement, that can pro-
test against the Lawes of *nature*,
and cry all naturall *affection*
downe, let them be *Andirons* for
the injurious world to worke a
Heat upon: let them finde shoul-
ders to receive the painefull *stripes*
of peevish Mortals, and to bear
the wrongs of daring insolence:
Let them be drawne like Calves
prepar'd for slaughter, and bow
their servile necks to sharp de-
struction: let them submit their
flavish *bosomes* to be trod and
trampled under foot for every
pleasure: My Eagle *spirit* flies a
higher pitch, and like ambitious
Phaeton climbs into the fiery
Chariot, and drawne with fury,
scorne, revenge, and honor, ram-
bles

bles through all the *sphaeres*,
 and brings with it confusion and
 combustion; my reeking sword
 shall vindicate my reputation,
 and rectifie the injuries of my
 honorable name, and quench it
 selfe in plenteous streames of
 blood. Come tell not mee of
 Charity, conscience, or trans-
 gression; My *Charity* reflects up-
 on my self, begins at home, and
 guides by the *justice* of my pas-
 sion, is bound to labour for an ho-
 nourable *satisfaction*: My con-
 science is blood-proofe, and I can
 broach a life with my illustrious
 weapon with as little *reluctation*,
 as kill a Flea that sucks my blood
 without *Commission*, and I can
 drinke a *health* in blood upon my
 bended knee, to reputation.

BUt hark my soule, I heare a
 languishing, a dying *voyce*
 cry up to heaven for vengeance;
 It

It cries aloud, and thunders in
my startling eare, I tremble and
my shivering bones are filled
with horror; It cries against me,
and heare what heaven replies,

*All that take up the sword shall
perish by the sword, Mat h 26. 52.*

Levit. 19. 18.

*Thou shalt not avenge, or bear any
grudge against the Children of my
people, but thou shalt love thy
neighbour as thy selfe: I am the
Lord.*

Deut. 32. 35,

*To me belongeth vengeance and
recompence.*

Ezek. 25. 12, 13.

*Because that Edom hath delt a-
gainst the house of Iudah, by ta-
king vengeance, and hath greatly
offended, and revenged himselfe
upon them:*

*Therefore thus saith the Lord God,
I will also stretch out mine hand
upon*

upon Edom, and will cut off man
and beast from it.

Matth. 5. 39.

Resist not evil, but whosoever shall
smite thee on the right cheek, turn
to him the other also.

Tertull.

What's the difference between one
that doth an injury, and another
that outrageously suffers it, except
that the one is first and the other
second in the offence? but both
are guilty of mutuall injury in the
sight of God; who forbids every
sinne, and condemnes the offender.

Tertull.

How can we honour God if we re-
venge our selves?

Gloss.

His Soliloquy. 199

Gloss.

Every man is a murderer, and shall be punished as Cain was if he doe (as Cain did) either assault his brother with violence, or pursue him with hatred.

His Soliloquy.

R Evange is an Act of the *Irasible* affections, deliberated with *malice*, and executed without *mercy*: How often O my soule hast thou curst thy selfe in the perfectest of *Prayers*? How often hast thou turn'd the spirituall *body* of thy Saviour into thy *damnation*? Can the *Sun* rise to thy comfort, that hath so often set in thy *wrath*? So long as thy wrath is kindled against thy brother, so long is the *wrath* of
God

God burning against thee? O, wouldst thou offer a pleasing *sacrifice* to heaven? Goe first and be *reconciled* to thy brother. I, but who shall right thy *honour* then? Is thy honour wrong'd? *Forgive*, and it is vindicated. I, but this kinde of heart-swelling, can brook no *Powltesse* but revenge. Take heed, my soule, the *remedy* is worse then the disease: If thy intricate *distemper* transcend thy power, make choyce of a *Physitian* that can purge that *humour* that fomentes thy *malady*: Rely upon him; submit thy *will* to his directions; he hath a tender heart, a skillfull hand, a watchfull eye, that makes thy *welfare* the price of all thy *paines*, expecting no reward, no *fee*, but *prayses*, and Thanksgiving.

His

O God, that art the God of peace, and the lover of unity and concord, that dost command all those that seek forgiveness, to forgive; that hatest the froward heart, but shewest mercy to the meek in spirit: With what a face can I appeare before thy mercy-seat, or with what countenance can I lift up these hands thus stained with my brothers blood? How can my lips, that daily breathe revenge against my brother, presume to own thee as my father, or expect from thee thy blessing, as thy childe? If thou forgive my trespasses O God as I forgive my trespassers, in what a miserable estate am I, that in my very prayers condemn my selfe, and doe not only limit thy compassion by my uncharitableness, but draw thy judgements on my head

head for my rebellion? That heart O God which thou requir-
est as a holy present, is become
a spring of malice; These hands
which I advance, are ready instru-
ments of base revenge. My
thoughts, that should be sanctifi-
ed, are full of blood, and how to
compasse evill against my bro-
ther is my continuall meditati-
on: The course of all my life is
wilfull disobedience, and my
whole pleasure, Lord, is to dis-
please thee: My conscience hath
accused me, and the voyce of
blood hath cryed against me: But
Lord, the blood of Jesus cries
louder then the blood of *Abell*,
and thy mercy is farre more in-
finite then my sinne. The blood
that was shed by me cries
for vengeance, but the blood that
was shed for me sues for mercy;
Lord heare the language of this
blood,

blood, and by the merits of this
voyce be reconciled unto me.
That time which cannot be re-
called, O give me power to re-
deem, and in the meane time a
setled resolution to reform. Sup-
presse the violence of my head-
strong passion, and establish a
meek spirit within me. Let the
sight of my own vilenesse take
from me the sense of all disgrace,
and let the Crown of my repu-
tation be thy honour; Possesse
my heart with a desire of unity
and concord, and give me patience
to endure what my impenitence
hath deserved: Breath into my
soule the spirit of love, and direct
my affections to their right ob-
ject; turn all my anger against
that sinne that hath provoked
thee, and give me holy revenge,
that I may exercise it against my
selfe. Grant that I may love thee
for

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for thy selfe, my selfe in thee, and my neighbour as my selfe ; Assist me O God, that I may subdue all evill in my selfe, and suffer patiently all evill as a punishment from thee. Give me a mercifull heart, O God ; make it slow to wrath, and ready to forgive ; Preserve me from the act of evill, that I may be delivered from the feare of evill ; that living here in charity with men, I may receive that sentence of, *Come ye blessed,* in the kingdom of glory.

The secure mans Triumph.

SO, now my soule thy happiness is *entaild* and thy illustrious name shall live in thy *succeeding* Generations ; Thy dwelling is establish'd in the *fat* of all the land : thou hast what mortal

tall

tall heart can wish, and wantest
nothing but *immortalitie* : The
best of all the land is thine, and
thou art planted in the *best* of
Lands : A land whose *Constitutions*
make the *best* of Govern-
ment, which *Government* is
strengthened with the *best* of
Laws, which *Laws* are executed
by the *best* of Princes, whose
Prince, whose *Laws*, whose
Government, whose *land* makes
us the *happiest* of all subjects,
makes us the *happiest* of all peo-
ple. A land of strength, of plenty,
and a land of peace, where every
soule may sit beneath his *Vine*,
unfrighted at the horrid language
of the *hoarse Trumpet*, unstart-
led at the warlike summons of the
roaring *Cannon*. A land whose
beauty hath surpriz'd the ambi-
tious hearts of forrain Princes, and
taught them by their martiall O-

ratory to make their vaine attempts. A land whose strength reades vanity in the deceived hopes of *Conquerours*, and crowns their enterprizes with a shamefull overthrow. A land whose native plenty makes her the worlds *Exchange*, supplying others able to subsist without supply from forraigne Kingdomes ; in it selfe happy ; and abroad honorable. A land that hath no vanity, but what by accident proceeds and issues from the sweetest of all blessings, *peace* and *plenty* ; that hath no misery but what is propagated from that blindness which cannot see her own *felicity*. A land that flowes with *Milk* and *Honey*, and in brieft, wants nothing to deserve the title of a *Paradise*, the *Curbe* of *Spaine*, the *pride* of *Germany*, the *ayde* of *Belgia*, the *scurge* of *France*,

France, the *Empresse* of the world,
and *Queene* of Nations : She is
begirt with *walls*, whose builder
was the hand of *heaven*, whereon
there daily rides a *Navy Royall*,
whose unconquerable pow-
er proclaimes her Prince *in-*
vincible, and whispers sad de-
spaire into the fainting hearts of
forraigne Majesty : She is com-
pact within her selfe, in unity, not
apt to civill discords or *intestine*
broyles ; The *envie* of all nations,
the *ambition* of all Princes ; the
terror of all enemies, the *security*
of all neighbouring States. Let
timerous *Pulpits* threaten ruine,
let prophecying *Church-men*
dote till I beleeve : How often
and how long have these loud
sonnes of *Thunder* false prophe-
sied her desolation : and yet she
stands the *glory* of the world : Can
pride demolish the *Towers* that

defend her? Can drunkenneſſe
dry up the *Sea* that wallſher? Can
flames of luſt diſſolve the *Ord-*
nance that proteſt her?

BEe well adviſed my ſoule;
there is a *voſee* from heaven
roare louder then thoſe *Ord-*
nance, which ſaith,

*Thus ſaith the Lord, The whole
land ſhall be deſolate, Jer. 4. 27.*

Eſay 14. 7.

*The whole earth is at reſt, and at
quiet, they break forth into ſing-*
ing.

*Yea the Firre trees rejoyce at thee,
and the Cedars of Lebanon ſing,
&c.*

*Yet ſhalt thou be brought down to
hell, to the ſides of the Pit.*

Ier. 5. 12.

*They have belied the Lord, and
ſaid, It is not he, neither ſhall
evill come upon us, neither
ſhall we ſee ſword, or famine.*

I Cor.

I Cor. 10. 12.

*Let him that standeth take heed
lest he fall.*

Luke 17. 26.

*They did eat and drink, and they
married wives and were gi-
ven in marriage, untill the flood
came and destroyed them all.*

Greg. Mor.

*A man may as soon build a Castle
upon the rouling waves, as
ground a solid comfort upon the
uncertaine ebbs and fluxes of
transient pleasures.*

St. Augustine.

*Whilst Lot was exercised in suffe-
ring reproach and violence, he
continued holy and pure, even in
the filth of Sodom: but in the
mount being in peace and safety,
he was surprised by sensuall se-
curity, and defiled himselfe with
his owne daughters.*

Our prosperous and happy state is often the occasion of more miserable ruine, a long peace hath made many men both carelesse and cowardly; and that's the most fatall blow when an unexpected enemy surprises us in a deep sleep of peace and security, Greg. Mag.

His Soliloquy.

Security is an improvident carelesse, casting out all fear of approaching danger; It is like a great Calme at Sea, that foretells a storme: How is this verified O my sad soule in this our bleeding nation! Wer't thou not but now for many yeares even nuzzled in the bosome of habitual peace? Didst thou foresee this danger? Or couldst thou have con-

His Soliloquy. 211

contrived a way to be thus *miserable*? Didst thou not laugh *invasion* to scorn? or didst thou not lesse feare a *Civill war*? Was not the *Title* of the *Crown* unquestionable? And was not our mixt *government* unapt to fall into *dileales*? Did we want good *Lawes*? or did our *Lawes* want *execution*? Did not our *Prophets* give lawfull warning? or were we moved at the sound of *judgements*? How hast thou liv'd O my uncarefull soule to see these *prophecies* fulfill'd, and to behold the *vials* of thy angry God pour'd forth! Since *mercies* O my soule could not allure thee, yet let these *judgements* now at length enforce thee to a true *Repentance*. Quench the *Firebrand* which thou hast kindled; turne thy mirth to a right *mourning* and thy feasts of joy to *humiliation*.

His Prayer.

O God by whom kings reign,
 and kingdoms flourish, that
 settest up where none can batter
 down, and pullest down where
 none can countermand, I a most
 humble Sutor at the Throne of
 Grace, acknowledge my selfe
 unworthy of the least of all thy
 mercies, nay worthy of the
 greatest of all thy judgements:
 I have sinned against thee the
 author of my being, I have sin-
 ned against my conscience, which
 thou hast made my accuser, I
 have sinned against the peace of
 this Kingdom, wherof thou hast
 made mee a member: If all
 should doe, O God, as I have
 done, *Sodom* would appeare as
 righteous, and *Gomorrah* would
 be a president to thy wrath upon
 this

this sinfull Nation. But Lord thy mercy is inscrutable, or else my misery were unspeakable, for that mercy sake bee gracious to me in the free pardoning of all my offences. Blot them out of thy remembrance for his sake in whom thou art well pleased: Make my head a fountaine of teares to quench that brand my sinnes have kindled towards the destruction of this flourishing kingdome; Blessè this kingdom O God, establish it in piety, honour, peace, and plenty. Forgive all her crying sinnes, and remove thy judgements farre from her. Blessè her Governour, thy servant, our dread Sovereign, endue his soule with all religions, civill, and princely vertues; Preserve his royall person in health, safety, and prosperity; prolong his days in honour, peace, or victory, and

CROWN

crown his death with everlasting glory. Bless him in his royall Consort, unite their hearts in love and true Religion. Bless him in his princely issue; Season their youth with the feare of thy Name. Direct thy Church in doctrine and in discipline, and let her enemies bee converted, or confounded; purge her of all superstition and heresie, and root out from her, whatsoever thy hand hath not planted. Bless the Nobility of this Land, endue their hearts with truth, loyalty, and true policy. Bless the Tribe of *Levi*, with piety, learning, and humility. Bless the Magistrates of this kingdome, give them religious & upright hearts, hating covetousnesse. Bless the Gentry with sincerety, charity, and a good conscience. Bless the Commonalty with loyall hearts,

hearts, painfull hands, and plentifull encrease. Blessè the two great Seminaries of this kingdom, make them fruitfull and faithfull Nurseries both to the Church and Common-wealth. Blessè all thy Saints every where, especially those that have stood in the gap betwixt this kingdom and thy judgements, that being all members of that Body whereof thou Christ art head, we may all joyn in humiliation for our sinnes, and in the propagation of thy honour here, and bee made partakers of thy glory in the kingdom of glory.

*The Presumptuous mans
Felicities.*

Tell bauling Babes of *Bug-beares*, to fright them into quietnesse.

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quietnesse, or terrify youth
with old wives *fables*; to keep
their wilde affections in awe;
Such *Toyes* may work upon their
timmerous apprehensions, when
wholsom *precepts* sayl, and finde
no audience in their youthfull
eares: Tell not me of Hell, De-
vils, or of damned soules to en-
force mee from those pleasures
which they nick-name *Sinne*:
What tell ye me of *Law*? my
soule is sensible of *Evangelicall*
precepts, without the needlesse
and uncorrected thunder of the
killing *Letter*, or the terrible
paraphrase of roaring *Boonarges*,
the tediousnesse of whose lan-
guage still determines in *damna-
tion*; wherein I apprehend God
farre more mercifull then his
Ministers. Tis true, I have not
led my life according to the pha-
risaical *Square* of their opinions,
neither

neither have I found judgements according to their *Prophecies*, whereby I must conclude that God is wonderfully mercifull, or they wonderfully mistaken. How often have they thundred torment against my *voluptuous life*, and yet I feele no pain: How bitterly have they threatned shame against the vaunts of my *vain-glory*? yet finde I honour: How fiercely have they preacht destruction against my *cruelty*? and yet I live: What plagues against my *swearing*? yet not infected: What diseases against my *drunkennesse*? and yet sound; What danger against *procrastination*? yet how often hath God been found upon the death-bed? What damnation to *Hypocrites*? yet who more safe? What stripes to the *ignorant*? yet who more Scotfree? What poverty to the *stobfull*?

glotfull? yet themselves prosper:
 What falls to the *proud*? yet they
 stand surest: What curses to the
covetous? yet who richer? What
 judgements to the *lascivious*? yet
 who more pleasure? What ven-
 geance to the *prophane*, the *cen-
 sorious*, the *revengefull*? yet
 none live more unscourg'd: Who
 deeper branded then the *Liar*?
 yet who more favour'd? Who
 more threatend then the *pre-
 sumptuous*? yet who lesse pu-
 nish't? Thus are wee scold and
 kept in awe with the strict fan-
 cies of those *Pulpit-men*, whose
 opinions have no ground but
 what they gaine from popu-
 larity: Thus are wee frighted
 from the liberty of Nature by the
 politick Chimeræes of Religion;
 whereby wee are necessitated to
 the observing of those Lawes
 whereof wee finde a greater
 necessity

necessity of breaking.

BUt stay my soule, there is a
voyce that darts into my
troubled thoughts, which saith,
*Because thou hast not kept my
Lawes, all the curses in this
Book shall overtake thee, till
thou be destroyed, Deut. 29*

Deut. 29. 27

*And the anger of the Lord was
kindled against the land, to
bring upon it all the curses that
are written in this Book.*

2 Chron. 34. 24

*Thus saith the Lord, behold I will
bring evill upon this place, and
upon the inhabitants thereof,
even all the curses that are
written in the book*

Deut. 28. 15

*But if thou wilt not hearken unto
the voyce of the Lord thy God
to observe and doe all his com-
mandements, and his statutes
which*

*which I command thee this day,
all these curses shall come upon
thee, and overtake thee.*

Bernard.

*It is certain thou must die, and un-
certaine when, how or where ;
seeing death is alwayes at thy
heelles ; Thou must (if thou bee
wise) alwayes be ready to die.*

Bernard.

*To commit a sin is an humane frail-
ty, to persist in it is a diuinish ob-
stinacy.*

Bernard.

*There are some who hope in the
Lord, but yet in vaine, because
they onely smooth and flatter
themselves, that God is merci-
full, but repent not of their sin ;
such confidence is vaine and foo-
lish, and leads to destruction.*

His

His Soliloquy.

P*Resumption* is a sin whereby we depend upon Gods *mercies* without any warrant from Gods *Word*: It is as great a sin, O my soule, to hope for Gods *mercy*, without *Repentance*, as to distrust Gods *mercy* upon *Repentance*: In the first thou wrongst his *justice*; In the last, his *mercy*: O my presumptuous soule, let not thy *prosperity* in sinning encourage thee to sinne; lest, climbing without *warrant* into his *mercy*, thou fall without *mercy* into his judgement: Be not deceived; a long *Peace* makes a bloody *Warre*, and the abuse of continued *mercies* makes a sharpe judgement: *Patience*, when slighted, turnes to *fury*, but ill-requited, starts to *vengeance*:
 Thinke

Thinke not, that thy unpunisht
sin is hidden from the eye of hea-
ven, or that Gods judgements
will *delay* for ever : The stalled
Oxe that wallowes in his *plenty*,
and waxes wanton with *ease*, is
not farre from *slaughter* : The *E-*
phod O my desperate soule, is long
a filling, but once being full, the
leaden cover must goe on ; and
then, it hurries on the wings of
the wind : Advise thee then, and
whilst the *Lampe* of thy prosperi-
ty lasts, provide thee for the *evill*
day, which being come repen-
tance will bee out of *date*, and
all thy prayers will finde no
care.

His

His Prayer.

GRatious God, whose mercy is unsearchable, and whose goodnesse is unspeakable, I the unthankfull object of thy continued favours, and therefore the miserable subject of thy continual wrath, humbly present my self-made misery before thy sacred Majestie; Lord when I look upon the horridnesse of my sin, shame strikes me dumbe: But when I turne mine eie upon the infiniteness of thy mercy, I am emboldned to pour forth my soule before thee; as in the one finding matter for confusion; so in the other arguments for compassion: Lord I have sinned grievously, but my Saviour hath satisfied abundantly; I have trepassed continually, but he hath suffered once
for

for all: Thou hast numbred my transgressions by the haire of my head, but his mercies are innumerable like the starres of the skie: My sinnes in greatnesse are like the mountaines of the earth, but his mercy is greater then the heavens: Oh if his mercy were not greater then my sins, my sins were impardonable; for his therefore and thy mercies sake cover my sins, and pardon my transgressions: make my head a fountain of teares, and accept my contrition O thou Well-spring of all mercy: strengthen my resolution, that for the time to come I may detest all sin: Encrease a holy anger in me that I may revenge my selfe upon my selfe, for displeasing so gracious a Father; Fill my heart with a feare of thy judgements, and sweeten my thoughts with the meditation of thy

thy mercies : Go forwards O my God, and perfect thy own work in mee, and take the glory of thy own free goodnesse; furnish my mouth with the prayes of thy name, and replenish my tongue with continuall thanksgiving ; Thou hast promised pardon to those that repent; behold I repent, Lord quicken my Repentance. Thou mightst have made me a terrible example of thy justice, and struck me into hell in the heighth of my presumption ; but thou hast made me capable of thy mercies, and an object of thy commiseration ; for thou art a gracious God, of long-suffering and slow to anger, thy name is wonderfull, and thy mercies incomprehensible: Thou art onely worthy to be praised : Let all the people praise thee O God : O let all the people praise thee : Let
Angels

Angels and Archangels praise
thee, Let the Congregations of
Saints praise thee, let thy works
praise thee, let every thing
that breathes praise
thee for ever,
and for ever,
Amen.

FINIS.

